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THIRD SERIES

PAGES FROM BYGONE DAYS IN AND ABOUT DRAKEVILLE, IOWA

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It was in October, 1856, that two covered wagons like those made famous by Emerson Hough, turned away from the main highway one mile east of Drakeville into a narrow lane running south to "the woods" not quite a half mile away, at the edge of which stood a little, old, two-room, two-windowed house, innocent of paint inside and out, the rooms partitioned by boards. A big fireplace was in the center of the south end. West of the house and about ten feet from it was a log structure some twelve feet square with a clapboard roof, as was also the roof over the open space from it to the house. This by and by became the summer kitchen and the table was set in the open space. A log stable covered with brush and straw some sixty yards away was the only other building.

I have heard the story told that mother cried when the wagons drove up to this spot and she was told that it was to be her future home. Her parents, her brothers and sisters, all of her kinsmen, all the friends and acquaintances of her youth, had been left behind. It was not an inviting place, although very near were "the woods" in all the glory of their late October foliage. It was no want of courage or any indication of a loss of resolution to face and conquer the demands of the life immediately confronting her. The flood of emotions that momentarily possessed her was occasioned by the sense of isolation and loneliness. As when a storm suddenly sweeps up the summer sky and is quickly gone and is followed by a refreshed world and a bright sunshine, so my mother's spirit quickly rose from the shadow that had overcast it. She directed the placing of the household goods, unload-

ing from the wagons, soon had the children asleep in the trundle-bed and a "bite set to eat." Night came on and after an hour or two in front of the fireplace, talking of the trip just ended, the new surroundings, the hopes and purposes for the future, as the embers in the fire were dying and only a fitful flicker of the blaze now and then remained, a new family in Iowa fell asleep. During the long life of my mother which followed I never knew her for a moment to give way to discouragement, to complain, to be wanting in hope or resolution, but she was always cheerful, tremendously energetic. She had a very keen and discriminating sense of right and wrong. She was so much the very soul of honesty that she could not think aside from the truth. She did her whole duty and more. These details are referred to only because they are typical of pioneer life and of pioneer mothers, and might be related of many another family that was coming into Davis County about that time or had come before.

EARLIER COMERS

A little deeper in the woods to the southwest was the spot where the first small clearing in that locality had been made. It had been abandoned and the hickory and oak sprouts, the hawthorn bushes and hazelbrush, were vigorously asserting their pristine rights which have never since been disputed. The site only of the rude hut was discernible, but blackberry bushes were in possession. The place was called "Cavender Hill" from the name of the man who first challenged Nature at that point. "Jim" Cavender (I think, however, not the Cavender of the "Hill") was known about the community for a few years only, typical of the settler who in his flight alights momentarily and then is gone, no one knows where. To the northwest perhaps a hundred rods, and to the southeast a little nearer, were spots, scars in the woods, where cabins had stood, marks only, perhaps, of the settler's or squatter's claim.

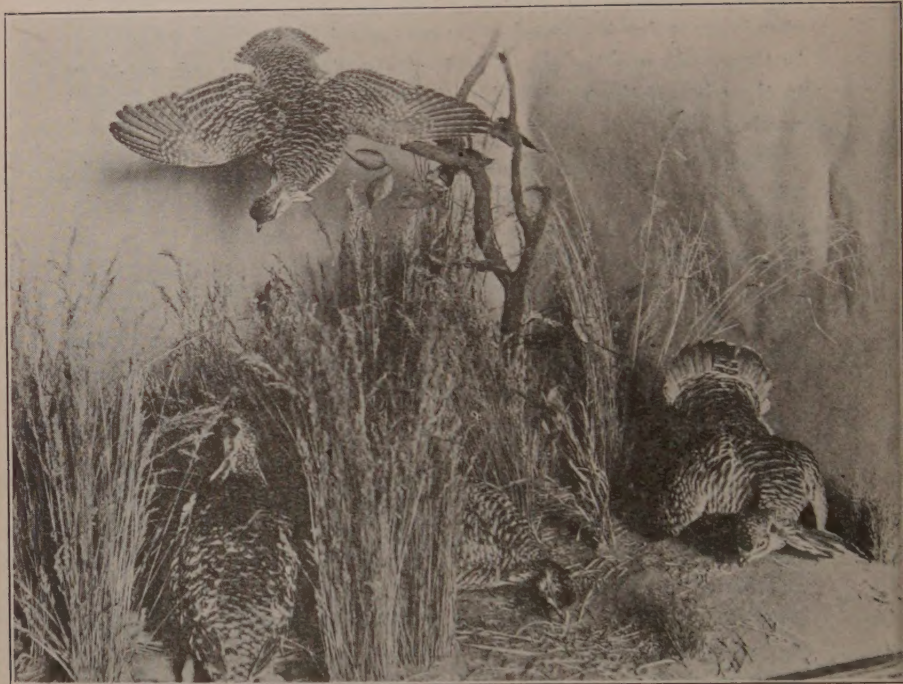
There seemed to be something of kinship, something of welcoming, of protection about the woods to those who came pouring out of the forests of the East and Southeast. They were of the woods. The prairies seemed to them uninviting, cold and desolate. From babyhood even to old age they had been lulled to sleep by the murmur of the breeze through the tops of trees, and

in manhood had their courage and resolution strengthened by the resisting force of the forest to the onset of storms. There was companionship in the woods—even in their deep mystery. They had a language well understood by the first comers. Their instincts were for the woods. In any event they would snuggle up to them. Hence the many first efforts at homes in the woods or in the edge of them. Besides, the woods supplied their very first needs.

However, not every "mover" or "settler" went into the woods. There were others, all referred to as types. North, "up on the road," was an old tumble-down log stable and hard by an old clapboard-covered, hewed log cabin which soon became John Clarke's first blacksmith shop. It stood immediately in the rear of the house now on the farm he occupied for over sixty years. Looking northeast three-quarters of a mile there stood out in the open a long, low, log house with clapboard roof. Near by was a well sweep, balanced in the forks of a pole set in the ground. When at repose it pointed to the high southwestern sky. Many years after, when the house had become a corner "down on the road" and its old surroundings a cornfield, the well and the sweep served a very helpful purpose to the farm on which it stood. The builder of the house must have been among the very first in that locality. It was the Hanlon family that occupied it. The name is almost lost—all but Mary Hanlon, a gentle, kind, beautiful, black-eyed young woman, beloved by everybody. Mary Hanlon and Charity Elliott! Charity was a kindred spirit to Mary, likewise kind, lovable, beautiful. Charity lived three-quarters of a mile from Mary. They went away long years ago, the Hanlon family to Muscatine—Charity, I know not where. Mary and Charity! The children who knew them to this day retain a cherished, a blessed memory of them. Not alone is the Kingdom of Heaven of such as little children, but it must be also of such as Mary and Charity were.

THE BACKGROUND

I can think of no more interesting picture than of those first days, or near first. The background ought to be right. If it is illy conceived or poorly presented the picture is spoiled. If the setting is out of harmony with the time or presentations in the



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PRAIRIE CHICKEN

Tympanuchus americanus americanus (Reichenbach). From a photograph of a group by Prof. Joseph Steppan in the collections of the Historical, Memorial and Art Department.

1, Nest slightly visible; 2, Female approaching nest; 3, Female alighting; 4, Female feeding; 5, Male booming. The extended tufts on the neck obscure in this picture the orange-like air sacs apparent in the museum specimen.

foreground, again it is bad. The composition should have been created sixty years ago—but it wasn't. The men and women of that time—their distinctive personalities—should they be in the picture? Yes, but who now can make them recognizable? The landscape, the wild life, the summers, the winters, into all of which the early comer protruded himself, with himself in the foreground—those are the possible elements of the picture. The beginnings are always interesting, often even fascinating.

In those days there was a bird life that is gone, never to be seen again except in the imagination of the "old settler." How real it was in the springtime when the migratory birds were in the sky and among the trees! The long lines of pigeons stretching across the sky for miles, sweeping towards the north! And the wild geese, how majestically they swept along in wedge-like formation led by an old gander, the lines strictly and evenly kept, each flying straight ahead at level height, spacing exact all the time! Down from the sky would occasionally come a call from the leader. Was it a command? Was it a note of encouragement to those on the first trip? They are hardly seen any more, but in the night once in a great while, through the darkness, startlingly comes the hoarse cry as out of the bygone years.

The wild ducks, how in great numbers, in confused order of flight on fitful, nervous wing they silently hurried by! Representatives of them are still occasionally seen in widely scattered groups, but their numbers are negligible in comparison. And far above all, far up in the sky, scarcely discernible, were cranes, as if theirs was a detached life and they spurned kinship with anything on the earth or above it. Sometimes they would pause up there and, for a time, circle round and round in disorderly flight, some one way, some another at slightly different heights.

How fine on spring mornings was the oom-boom-boom-boo of the cock prairie chicken heard in every direction! At such times if one were in the field with a team he might pass within fifty feet of him and see as well as hear the performance. It commenced with head and stretched-out neck near the ground, the bird in that position turning almost if not quite around with feet pattering on the ground, meanwhile, his two-inch-and-a-half ear feathers erect or a little forward, his tail spread to its utmost,

wings extended almost to the ground, the yellow pouches on his neck swelling—all as if it were a painful effort to produce the explosion, and then the -o-o-oom boom, boom *boo!* Instantly straightening up, a twitch or two of his tail and his feathers were all perfectly smooth and with head erect, with the most innocent look possible he seemed to ask, "Who said I did anything or made a spectacle?" But at sight of his utterly indifferent companion he immediately fell into another convulsion. By nine o'clock the exhibition was all over and you scarcely saw or heard a prairie chicken again that day. His appearances, spring or fall, were all during the morning hours or early day. In the frosty, biting fall mornings, in flocks they were flying here and there. The fences were all of rails. They liked them for lighting places and sometimes for twenty-five or thirty rods they would line the top rail. All grain was stacked in those days and they liked to stop awhile on the stacks. Occasionally also they would fill a treetop.

The drumming of the pheasant in the woods in the springtime, heard for a half mile, even further if the morning were damp or foggy! What a wary bird he was! You could almost never see him. If you could by stealth come upon him you would most certainly find him on an old log. At intervals he would straighten up to his utmost height and by strokes, slow at first, rapidly increasing them, he would beat his breast, drum, with his cupped wings. Some kinds of oak trees retain their dead, brown leaves in the fall and winter time. Passing along under them, suddenly with a whirl from their tops that would startle you, two or three pheasants were gone with the speed of bullets. You had neither seen nor heard them.

There are a few forlorn representatives of the quail yet. How thick they were in that early day! They wanted to be friendly and were often seen around the old houses and old log stables. What large coveys of them would take wing as you walked through the fields, or along the edge of the woods, or by the ditches where the tall grass grew! Bob was always unruffled, always well dressed. His apparel was exactly proportioned, fit him to perfection, an unpretentious, refined, but possibly a somewhat fastidious fellow. Hear him in the springtime and even occasionally along through the summer to the fall of the year:

The chirrup of the robin and the whistle of the quail
As he piped across the meadow, sweet as any nightingale.

What hundreds, one might say thousands, of robins came back early in March—harbingers of spring! Following them closely was the bluebird, carrying the sky on his back, as Thoreau said. Then came the catbird, the thrush, the meadowlark and others, and after awhile the flicker and the woodpecker, and last of all, Jenny Wren. Oh, for one morning again like a morning during bird nesting time around about Drakeville sixty years ago! Talk not to me about grand opera. Let me hear the songs of thrush as from their leafy platforms on the topmost twigs of the trees they, prima donnas, sang as if life were all joy and they were commissioned to interpret it, while, at the same time, from every direction came the incomparably sweet, perfectly toned voice of the meadow-lark and the modest, liquid melody of the bluebird, the vigorous, enthusiastic matutinal of scores of robins and from near and far along the fences and down in the field the call of bobwhite, and Jenny Wren in her sober, drab dress winning applause as among the first, and withal the fragrance of plum blossoms from the edge of the woods, the fine air after a shower in the night, the red-fringed clouds all along the eastern horizon! Ah, Galli-Curci, Anna Case, Sembrich, no one of you ever had so fine a stage setting, no one of you ever gave a concert to be compared with this. What combination of human voices ever equalled a blackbird chorus of the long ago? The greatly diminished number of the birds now only give a slight hint of the glory that was. The robin, almost alone, furnished the vesper with a modified, somewhat subdued, softened tone, suited to the evening. While he was presenting his program and the day was vanishing, out of the woods into the twilight came hundreds of whippoorwills on graceful, silent wing, darting here and there, up, down—coming upon the darkened stage like a troop of slenderly appareled fancy dancers for the closing act. Then, when the lights were all out, save the stars, out of the night as from behind the curtains, came the call from all around for an hour or more, far and near, “whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will, whip-poor-will,” with no apparent stop for breath between calls. Alas, the whippoorwill! He is gone and the insects he caught

out of the evening sky multiply. His call, now almost never heard, is a cry out of the vanished years.

IN THE WOODS

The woods are bereft of their glory. The hills and slopes have been practically denuded. There are cultivated spaces and pasture lands where they were, all set off by barbed wire fences. Once the passageway through them was just wide enough for the wagon. There was beauty, companionship, and glory in them then. The oaks, hickories, elms, walnuts, basswoods, maples, hackberries, birches! The majestic ones, all gone! Where from age or storm some tree had fallen and long lain mouldering, there were blackberry bushes in fine fruitage in season and all around May apples raised their umbrellas and sweet Williams and bluebells bloomed. There were honeysuckles, and grapevines reached the tops of many trees.

The woods were open. Cattle were "free commoners." They pastured in the woodland. The leaders wore bells, no two having the same tone, and as they browsed over the hills and in the hollows, the sound of the bells through the woods! It was heavenly in the evening time. How many things have been swept away and lost by this thing we call Improvement, Civilization. It is hard to estimate the price paid for it. How frantically we now grab here and there, trying to save some little patches of the primeval!

There were foxes in the woods along Fox Creek. It was not from this fact, however, that the creek took its name, but from the Fox tribe of Indians. An early comer into the Drakeville community from Indiana was "Jack" Hill who lived with his family just two miles directly east of Drakeville. He always kept a pack of hounds and occasionally staged a fox hunt on his sole account. It was great music when the leader of the pack announced the scent of the quarry by deep-toned baying, followed by the different intonations of the pack through the woods, then the chase leading so far away that the baying could be only indistinctly heard, then Reynard, making a sudden turn backward on his track, the baying became louder and louder as the chase approached, finally sweeping by in a wild, exciting, diapason of sound, then suddenly becoming silent, the scent momentarily lost;

found again, the baying is renewed vigorously, the sound finally dying away in the distance, the chase ended.

"Jack" Hill many years ago left that community. The last known of him he was living in the only house—a small, somewhat dilapidated, faded, brown-colored frame "tavern" at the south end of the ford at Ottumwa. In addition to the "tavern" he kept and dispensed drinks.

There were wild turkeys in the woods, seldom seen, however, except in the late fall and in the winter time when the snow revealed the tracks of large flocks of them. "The woods" no longer existing as in the early days, the denizens of them have practically all gone. Looking south from the road running east from Drakeville in the early days, within a half mile a continuous line of timber completely obstructed the view. This is hard to be realized now when the contour of the landscape "beyond Fox"—the slopes, the hollows, the farm houses and fields—is all plainly visible.

WITHIN THE HIGHWAY

The road running east and west through Drakeville—coming up the ridge from the Keokuk-Lee-Van Buren Country—the very early Iowa country! What manner of life came that way into the Drakeville community—some of it stopping there, other pressing on! Along this road among others came John Clarke and William Van Benthusen afoot "spying out the land" before a locomotive whistle had ever been heard west of "The River." On they walked through Appanoose, Wayne, and Lucas counties, Van Benthusen stopping awhile in Lucas while Clarke came on around through Monroe and Wapello counties, walking the last day from Eddyville to Drakeville. Thence in the same way he continued on to "The River" on his way back to Shelby County, Indiana. Thus often did the pioneers of that day and thought it no hardship.

But what was seen in that road for several years from the little black house near "the woods" and afterward from the new house by the side of the road itself? It depended much on the time of the year. The "movers' wagons," the covered wagons, were very frequent—sometimes two or three in company—not necessarily from the same place, or going to the same place, or even rela-

tives, or old acquaintances. They might have chanced together on the way. But they all seemed to be bound together by a common interest, or adventure, handicapped by the same difficulties, yet inspired by the same hopes, nourishing the same determination. Each was a gleam of light from the "Star of Empire westward taking its way," a fraction of the great flood of emigration, mightiest from whatever standpoint considered—character, hardihood, intelligence, resolution, capability, hope—that ever in human history pressed forward irresistibly to possess, subdue and conquer peaceably, by the establishment of homes, a great continent. It was the last act in laying the foundations of the Great Republic. It was a really sublime epic considered as a whole, and this along the road through Drakeville.

Hospitality dwelt by the side of the road. So did at least one very small boy who saw and heard it all. The campfire burning by the roadside, the lord of the camp soon appeared inquiring for feed for his horses, if his foresight had not provided it on the last few miles of the way. This opened the line of communication: Moving? Where going? Where from? How long been on the way? Ever been out there? How much of a family have you? None of these questions were considered at all impertinent and were answered unequivocally and with extended explanation. A sympathetic atmosphere at once enveloped the whole situation. The wayside man's campfires in the road seemed in memory as only of yesterday. Experiences were exchanged, outlooks discussed. The way had now been completely opened. Each had contributed liberally to clearing it. So: "The children miss milk so much while traveling. Could I get a little for them?" "Yes." They go to the house for it. Here the whole household comes to the front. More talk; warm; wholly sympathetic. Then: "Looks like it might rain tonight"; or, it might have been, "Feels like it might frost." Continuing: "My wife is very tired from traveling and the baby has not been well for two days. I wonder if they could find a place to sleep in the house?" Slightly abashed, Father looks at Mother and Mother looks at Father. Plainly it's Mother's play and Mother always held a "good hand." "Yes," she said, "I can fix a place for them." After awhile he returns with wife and baby. They look clean. Mother

cordially "ministers unto them." In the morning the wagons turn into the road and disappear toward the West.

There were still some stragglers after the California Fortyniners. Contributions to trains for California were outfitted at Drakeville. The tide of "Pike's Peak-or-Busters" swept along the road. This was composed almost exclusively of men pressing life hard on its side of excitement, risk and adventure, in trains of three or four wagons drawn for the greater part by oxen. The teams came swinging along slowly, very slowly. Each ox seemed pulling sidewise as hard against his bow and mate as forward. These men and the earlier ones were the modern Argonauts and, like their progenitors, were mostly destined to disillusionment and disappointment. Boys of Drakeville and vicinity looked in rapt wonder mixed with profound admiration upon these trains and these men. Breathless they heard talk of crossing the plains and the mountains to the ocean. "Silver, gold, buf'lo, Injuns, mountains with tops away above the clouds, an ocean so big you couldn't see acrost it!" It was hours after the train had passed before they regained normal breathing.

I can not recall the exact time but it was in those years that there was a stage route from Bloomfield to Ottumwa by way of Drakeville and Ormanville. The name of the driver was Ship. Only occasionally did he drive four horses. Always above all other men in youthful imagination he became a veritable demigod when he passed driving four. He seemed to feel himself that his position set him apart and a little above all others. This consciousness expressed itself in his walk. All Drakeville boys accepted him at his own estimate, indeed enlarged it. All that can be said now is that years have pricked the inflated estimate and determined that Ship's walk was something of a swagger. But it is fair to Ship to say that the people liked him. He was popular.

It seems strange to relate now, yet nevertheless it is true, that along this road in the fall of the year hogs were driven to "The River" to market, and this suggests that Drakeville once had a pork-packing plant. It was established by Drake & Lockman just southwest of the store at the southwest corner of the square. The meat was cured there. The lard was tried out there and the cured meat and lard were hauled to "The River" to market.

The Drakeville plant was a forerunner west of "The River" of Armour & Company.

It was along this road that residents of the locality often drove to Alexandria on "The River" in the fall of the year to lay in something of a supply of household necessities. It was a three- or four-day trip, but a profitable one because local merchants for the most part purchased and transported by wagon their stocks from some river point. Thus in the beginnings life involved intensely economic questions, as it ever must where frugality and wisdom hold sway. This road in that day also saw the farmers hauling wheat to the mills at Vernon and Bentonsport on the Des Moines River.

The local or neighborhood use of the road in those days was for the farm or lumber wagon as it was called. At long intervals a carriage might pass but if so it was a heavy, cumbersome thing entirely lacking in grace. If the family went visiting or to church or to Bloomfield the father and mother sat at the front of the wagon box either on a board across the top of it, or on old hickory bark bottomed chairs. (Chairs were rebottomed with hickory bark.) Some hay or straw was thrown in the back part of it with sometimes an old comfort or quilt, and the children tossed in on top of that. Oh no, no spring seat for a wagon yet! Imagine the outfit, you good Cadillac, closed ear people, as you roll luxuriously over that road—indeed in imagination meet all of the life of that time as it was exemplified in the highway—but don't elevate your noses, for those early day people were of the best and they were laying the foundations. You are in no way superior to them in their good instincts and purposes and helpful lives and things done in their day and opportunity.

Life in the midwinter season along the road seemed to hibernate. It appears from competent evidence that winters during the time under consideration were more severe than in more recent years. Snows were deeper, cold more continuous, and storms more frequent and violent. The earth and sky in a furious blizzard seemed to meet. "Sun-dogs" seemed almost regular morning attendants of the sun. The roads, being enclosed wherever there were cultivated lands by rail fences, were sometimes drifted almost full and much of the drift remained until the near approach of spring. The life of the road was children on their way to

school. Without overshoes or overcoats, a knitted scarf around head, ears and face, they were hardy and happy. A load of wood went by occasionally. The winters were passed in consuming the accumulations of the previous summer and fall, caring for stock, getting wood, "keeping up" fires, and "watchful waiting." There had not yet developed the very many opportunities for profitable employment. Life was simple in those days. It had not reached the complexities of the present. The demands of that time did not give rise to the anxieties and perplexities, did not strain and stretch effort and risk of endeavor as now. No thoughtful, appreciative person would maintain that "the old days" were better than these, but life was different. The new day had not reached the dawn. The tremendous forward movement of mankind had hardly commenced anywhere, much less in the great new West. The comforts and conveniences of life were just about as they had been everywhere for two thousand years. Transportation facilities had not yet made great cities possible; a demand for innumerable things new, stimulating manufacturing; a demand at distant places for the products of the farm, a demand that the farm support not simply its occupants but come vigorously, for a compensation, to the help and support of the world. The revolution the railroads were to create in human life was not thought of. They were appreciated by only a few at more than a small fraction of their real value. The new world ambition had not yet fired mankind. Now the increasing development of rapid communication has brought the products of all the earth to Drakeville. But then the Drakeville community, like the most of the rest of the world, was sleeping on straw beds, living on bare floors or rag carpets of its own weaving. Part of its clothing was manufactured in its own households, for there was a wool carding mill at Drakeville run by "Cap" Crawford, a Mexican War veteran. Supplies for its tables were gathered right around the spots where the tables were spread. The houses, churches, and other places of public meetings were dimly lighted by candles. Thus the winters brought a shut-in, inactive life. Recalling the cold winter evenings, I can hear now the stamp of feet at the kitchen door in the effort to rid them of snow, and the fall of the armload of wood in the wood box. How the fierce wind hurries by, the trees moan, a cow out at the barn bellows! Lonely sounds! The world seems somewhere else. There is only one

warm room in the house. Some things are brought in from the kitchen and put behind the stove lest they freeze. A run for the bed in the cold room is made. Mother puts aside her knitting, follows and "tucks us in." We have no cares. It is a bitter cold night on a farm sixty-five years ago near Drakeville. Mother resumes her knitting. It seems to me she never quit knitting—worked all day, knit every night.

BY THE WAYSIDE

If different phases of early life were seen within the highway, not less interesting or less characteristic of the life were the wayside scenes. In the springtime the "sower went forth to sow" just as he did in the time of the parable. He was followed by the little "A" harrow. Three men went forth to plant corn—one "laying off" the furrow for the row, another dropping the seed by hand, the third covering it with a hoe. When the day of cultivation came it was done with a one-horse shovel plow.

At haymaking time the wayside presented one of its finest pictures. There were the mowers, two or three of them, swinging their scythes in perfect unison—the stroke, the retrieving, the graceful swing of the body, the falling grass. Then the whetting of the scythes, the ringing strokes on the blades made in perfect time, meadow larks, here and there contributing their sweet, liquid notes! There may be finer, more meaningful music, but if so the writer has yet to hear it. Then the setting: A perfect summer day; the deep, blue sky above; great, fleecy, snow-white clouds lazily floating through it; a hawk poised far above or sailing on motionless wing; the green woods hard by—a picture surpassing art, a picture no painter can ever transfer to canvas! Pity, pity those who have never seen it. Thrice pity them for it will never be reproduced.

The harvest scene by the side of the road: The cradlers, sturdy men, brown arms bare to above the elbows! All day long they swing the heavy cradles and lay behind them the swaths of ripe grain with even butts. Boys follow close behind raking them into bunches, then the binders later tying them into bundles with bands made of straws from the swath—another picture never to be seen again. The ultimate of the harvest was the threshing and the horsepower threshing machine, also gone.

At every house was to be seen the ash-hopper, for every household made its own soap—all purpose soap. The kettle hung near by from a pole supported at either end by forked sticks set in the ground. Passing at the proper season of the year, the process of making the soap could be observed. In every smokehouse was the soap barrel.

Perhaps "butcher day" cannot be classed as belonging entirely to bygone days. There is an economic reason for its persistence. Recalling it brings no pleasant memories. Quite otherwise. Yet it once had a place with every family on a farm. From the wayside it obtruded itself. It does not now so uniformly or so conspicuously. There was the process of "scalding" in a barrel set firmly at an angle of about forty-five degrees against the end of a two-horse sled—every family had a sled. On the sled were several boards where the "scraping" or cleaning was done. By the side of it rails had been chained together near one end, set up about six feet apart, crossed at the chains, thus forming forks in which from one to the other was placed a stout rail on which the hogs were hung to be dressed. The process of curing the meat came after awhile and then from every crack and crevice in sides, ends, or roof crept the smoke from the smouldering fire kept in the big iron kettle under the suspended meat in the smokehouse. In that day there was no meat market—a butcher shop it would have been called—in Drakeville. It was before the "big packers" and the railroad.

If one were along the road in the nighttime in the fall of the year he might see, at an occasional farm by the wayside, the light from fires under vats in which they were boiling down sorghum juice making molasses. In the daytime one might see the cane mill, at first made of three wooden rollers, later of iron ones, between which under a one-horse power the canes were passed to express the juice. Almost every farmer grew a patch of sorghum. Molasses was classed as a necessity. "Bread and butter and molasses" was the children's "piece." There were different grades of this molasses. At this distance it appears safe to say that Elliott's was the best.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL

Two miles east of Drakeville along this same road one came to

school District No. 1, Bloomfield Township. In this district on the 27th day of February, 1847, George W. Lester was elected director and it was ordered that a schoolhouse of round logs, already partially built in the brush and woods forty rods from the highway as it was afterward laid out, be completed at a cost of twenty-five dollars, and that the district board be allowed fifty cents a day for services. Fidelia T. Fullerton taught the first school ever taught in this district.

Perhaps the very small-town school was somewhat better equipped than the country school and the building more comfortable, but of the second schoolhouse in this district the writer has a very vivid personal knowledge. The old record gives an accurate description of how it was to be built. The specifications were, "20 ft. square, 10 ft. high, 5 windows, 2 in each side and 1 in the end opposite the door." There never was a desk in this schoolhouse. Along each side was a board about fifteen inches wide on stilts about three and a half feet high on which hats, caps, girls' wraps, books, slates, and dinner buckets were placed, and on which writing lessons were practiced. There were no overcoats. The writer can not recall that he ever saw a boy there who had an overcoat or overshoes, and he was there until he was nineteen years old. There never was a seat there that had a back to it. The seats were benches—some were of boards, some of split logs, all on pegs except one. There was no uniformity of length. One especially is remembered. It was the longest and highest one in the lot. It was narrow. It was not straight on top. Beginning at either end it rose as it approached the center. It was the avoided, despised seat, but it had to be occupied. No one had a particular or selected seat. It was for every fellow to get the seat that suited him best, if he could, except that the girls had the east side of the room and the boys the west. No boy ever got on the east side except when he was ordered to sit "among the girls" as a punishment. (A striking thing between the schools of that day and this is the attitude of the boys and girls toward each other.)

The fuel was contributed by the patrons hauling a load of wood on occasion when it was convenient. There never was more than one load ahead at a time. It is supposable that there were colder places on earth than that schoolhouse when winter was at

its extreme, but it is hard to conceive of such a place. Why the door was placed by "specification" in the north end of the building, when it could as well have been in the south, is hard to understand. On a "blizzardy" day, every time it was opened an icy blast swept the room. There was a stove in the exact center of the room. The stovepipe went straight up to the ceiling and into a "flue" projecting through the roof. There was an open space of about a quarter of an inch around the chimney where it passed through the roof, as any one who glanced up the pipe might see—a fine avenue of escape into the loft and out of doors for any air that might be warmed below. It formed a fine ventilating shaft, however. On days of extreme cold, and there were many of them, the benches were arranged in a square around the stove, the short ones inside, the long ones around them on the outside. As those on the inside thawed out, they changed places with those who were freezing on the outside.

There was a fall and a winter term of school. The fall term always began on the first Monday in August. It was so timed in order to get the boys out in time to help gather corn. This term always brought with it peculiar temptations and troubles. It covered the season when black haws and plums were ripe. There were lots of them "down in Ham's pasture" about three-quarters of a mile away and "over on the Chequest" about a mile away. Again and again the most daring of the boys would chance the trip during the noon hour. Grabbing a handful from the dinner bucket, they bolted from the house, barefoot, fleet as deer, eating the scanty dinner as they ran. No boy could make an accurate estimate of time under such circumstances. But he found the haws or the plums. He ate and ate. He filled his pockets. If haws, when he got back they were reduced to a black paste in his pocket. He was rarely if ever back by the time "books took up." In response to the demand "Where have you boys been?" there was no evasion, for there were the bulging pockets and the black stains on the fingers and around the mouth. Guilty, every one! One by one each boy was ordered to go out and throw his fruit away. There were always hogs around about the old school-house in the fall and as we sat on those benches and heard them cracking the plum seeds, our feelings may be imagined but cannot be expressed. This experience did not deter from other like ef-

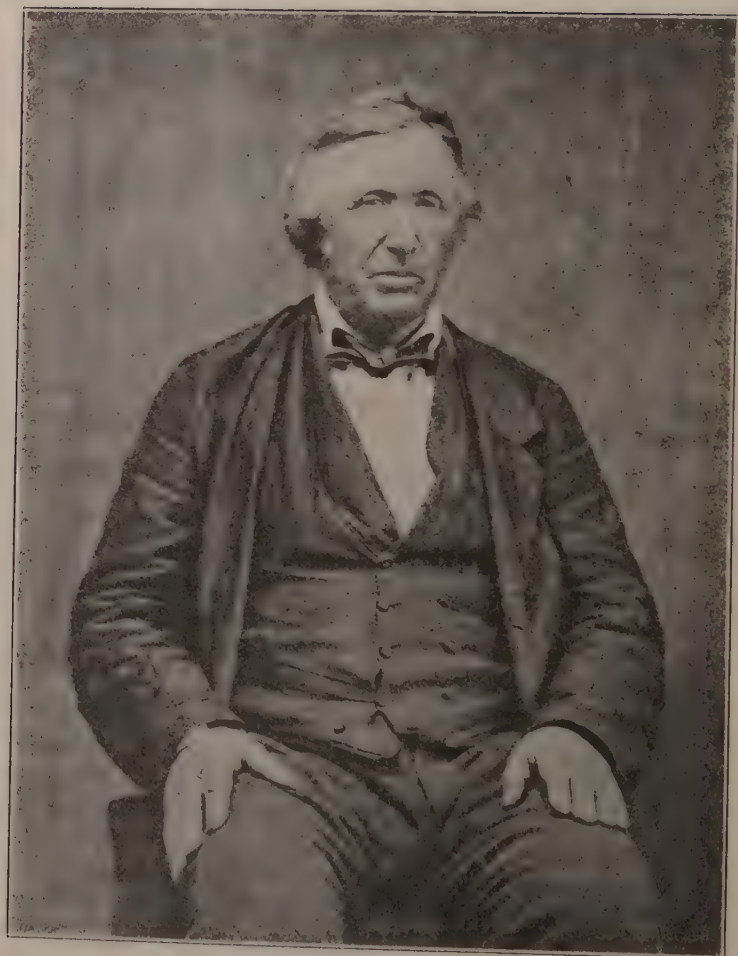
forts. Any boy that would not go again was dubbed a coward and afraid of "Old Lambert." From early boyhood we are fools and wanting in rational courage. We never liked Frank Lambert. For that reason, I presume, his administration obtrudes itself into this narrative. It was he who gave six of us at one time a most unmerciful "lickin." Pete Hill's mother had told him to go "down on Fox" at noon and get some maple bark for making some ink. In those days black ink was thus often made from this bark, and blue ink by use of indigo. But it is not of ink, but of the "lickins" that this phase of the story of the old days at the "Ham Schoolhouse" has to do. The afternoon was half gone when we got back. It was after recess. He lined us up and of each one asked, "What did you go for?" Each one answered, "For maple bark." Pete plead in justification that "Mother told me to go." Thus he was exonerated. Turning to the rest of us and saying to each of us as his turn came, "I'll give you maple bark," he "licked" us more than "good and plenty." As I recall that day after sixty years, my legs sting. "Old Frank Lambert!" He was a big fellow with a big mustache. He had drawling speech. He was very slow of movement. They said he was lazy. He wore a blue jeans suit—coat, frock. He knew how to wield the birch and he did. I will not say that he was not justified by the facts. Let the youth of today look into the schoolhouses, schools, and life of that time, for this story in many respects is typical, and compare with this. Lambert was not exactly like the teacher of Cato the Younger almost twenty centuries ago, of whom Plutarch says, he "was a very well-bred man, more ready to instruct than to beat his scholars." The teachers of today, as some in Lambert's time did, equal the teachers of Cato's day. The schools of that day, the spelling schools, to which everybody went, the teachers, in that old, unpainted, rudely finished schoolhouse, their personality! It would require a chapter to tell the story. The world in miniature was there. The littleness, the bigness, the selfishness, the generosity, the kindly, the unsympathizing, the forgiving, the unrelenting, all the characteristics of human nature, all the budding capabilities of human life were there. Some may have been touched by an early frost. Some may have come upon a hard, disappointing way of life and given it up. Some may have struggled on and

on through misfortune after misfortune and finally gone down with radiant faces still to the front, gloriously triumphant lives.

Two miles west of Drakeville was another rude, unpainted schoolhouse in which were all the experiences related of the "Ham." That place was called "Buttontown." Two miles north of town in the edge of the woods was a little log schoolhouse. It, first of all, in the near-surrounding region, was superseded by a frame, nicely painted, schoolhouse, furnished with desks. In the pride of the community it was called "Clay College" and still bears the name.

SOME PREACHERS AND RELIGION

There were three local preachers, who may be taken as types, who came very early into the Drakeville community, S. B. Downing, Isaiah Irvin who lived very near Downing, and Levi Fleming who lived a mile north of town. Each of them owned farms and depended on them for support. Any other dependence would have been precarious indeed. Downing and Irvin occasionally "occupied the pulpit" and it may be doubted whether either of them ever received any compensation. Fleming was quite regular in his ministrations. Downing was quite peculiar in his delivery. Moving along slowly he would suddenly strike a break-neck speed, increasing in volume of voice with volume of words lasting at longest probably not more than five minutes, then lapsing into very moderate, quiet voice, speech, and manner for about an equal length of time when he would break away again, and thus to the end. It was like a gently flowing stream coming upon a tumultuous rapid beset with rocks, then beyond very tranquil, then again the rapids. Downing was a good man and had the ministerial air. Irvin was quiet, rather unemotional, undemonstrative. He talked to the people rather than preached, as preaching was then understood. Fleming was among the *very* early comers to the community. He was a devout man, very sincere, desperately in earnest. People called him "Uncle Levi" and esteemed him as a man in whom there was no guile. He was "powerful in prayer." There may be few living who saw and heard him in those somewhat distant days, but all such can certainly see and hear him still. He did not simply present his petition to the Almighty in a perfunctory sort of way. He besought



LEVI FLEMING

the Lord. He begged of Him, he entreated, he implored with tears. He reminded Him of "the blessed promises of the gospel." He never, absolutely never, failed to state that "we *know* that without faith it is impossible to please Thee; we *know* that he that cometh to God *must* believe that he is and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." "Uncle Levi" did believe. His whole being prayed. Unconsciously he gestured vigorously. His prayers were long but he didn't know it. He had much to say. It was his time of "communion with God," and God seemed difficult of approach, obdurate. He certainly "endured hardness like a good soldier" as Paul admonished Timothy to do. I have many, many times wondered how his knees held out, for he was then an old man. There was the old-fashioned pulpit. There were two or three steps up at each side to get into it. It was about eight feet wide and about four feet high in front of the preacher, constructed of boards set perpendicularly, with a six-inch board on top with a projection in the center for the Bible. The candles sat at each side. When the preacher sat in the pulpit only his head could be seen. Near the bottom on the inside at about the height of the knees was a board four or five inches wide on which the preacher rested his knees when in prayer, and he, as well as the congregation, except some unregenerate ones, always knelt. Otherwise he could not have been seen at all. It would seem that this construction would have been conducive to short prayers, but it was not always so.

Religion, or rather religious worship, was very emotional in those days. "Protracted meetings" were common. It always took a little while to get them under way, that is, get the emotions aroused. The Lord "moving powerfully on a community" and a somewhat general religious excitement were the same thing; if something of a frenzy, then the Lord was very near. If an adult person or a middle-aged man "joined" then everybody took a new hold. The attendance increased. How they did sing the good old songs. Everybody sang. The "amens" were ejaculated with unction. The petitioner was not allowed to "make his requests known" alone but was numerously seconded by cries of "Yes, Lord," "Do, Lord!" Occasionally something like a lugubrious groan was heard, or as if one were suffering from a severe pain, but no one was. It was simply a mighty religious fervor too

great for speech, seeking expression. "Prospects" were quickly detected and devout, zealous persons sent to "labor with them." One such meeting is recalled when those strongly emotional were tremendously aroused. Thus was Ellis, the gunsmith. He lived on the hill directly west of and near Crawford's wool carding mill. He left the church that night without his hat. Presumably in his great exaltation he had forgotten he had one. All the way home that beautiful, quiet night he went "shouting and praising God" as one did in the days of Peter and Paul. At this juncture it would not do to close the meeting, the interest was too great. It seemed they were just at the point of "a great harvest of souls" and it was unanimously voted to continue "two more weeks." The impression should not be left that all protracted efforts were like this, but many were. They were of that day and for that reason only are they described here. They are gone to return no more. Religion and the religious life has its warmth and its fervor it is true, but it is based on the intellectual, not on the feelings, the ultra emotional. Its appeal, its acceptance, is through the mind, its great results wrought out through the heart.

✓ There were religious, or perhaps rather partisan, controversies about biblical interpretation in those days, such as are heard no more. There were individual arguments and expoundings of the Scripture. The preacher set up an imaginary antagonist and proceeded to annihilate him. There was almost no such things as open-mindedness in religious matters. Then there were public debates to which the partisans of each contender flocked in great numbers. It may be doubted whether such a debate could command a hearing now, or whether men could anywhere be found who would indulge in such. But Drakeville was not without them. One may be recalled. Each side sent for the strong man of its contention. Frank Evans, Methodist, then I think of Mount Pleasant, and Manford, Universalist, of Chicago. Evans was a small man, physically, Manford a big one. They went at it for several days upon the proposition, differently stated, as to whether all men would be finally saved in Heaven, or whether multitudes of them would be ultimately lost, each relying upon the Bible for proof of his contention. Such debates and others on many doctrinal issues actually occurred. In this one I think the crowd must have been largely with Evans, for I don't think in

that time I ever heard a prayer or even "grace before meat" that did not end with "and at last save us," implying an almost universal belief in and fear of impending destruction. There is much of it yet, rather, however, from force of habit, or because it for centuries has been a part of the nomenclature of religion. It has been the cry of humanity, "Lord save us from condemnation."

SOME SINGULAR PERSONALITIES

There was a born controversialist in that locality who lived two miles northeast of town. He was a farmer and blacksmith. Much of the time he plied his trade in town. He enjoyed controversy. He thrived on debate. He was very dogmatic, extreme to the verge of absurdity. He was always on the other side. He was a contradiction to everything. Naturally he had an imperious air. He bore himself as if he walked in an antagonistic world. He spoke with an air of finality and with a somewhat resounding voice. His appeared to be a closed mind. He was a Universalist and he threw his shafts in every direction. It is said he delighted while living on his farm to go to a Sunday school organized near and precipitate discussions. The school could not accomplish much when James Hardy, for that was his name, was there. The space in the little schoolhouse was small and what there was Hardy almost completely filled. He was reported to have had mesmeric powers. Of this I have no personal knowledge, but the fact seemed to me to have been fairly well established by actual demonstration. Hardy was a good citizen, a man of character and of good native ability.

There was one very unique vehicle which was occasionally seen on the road hereinbefore referred to. It was of picturesque construction and the owner was picturesque. So was the horse—a sleepy, insufferably slow, old sorrell. He never was seen to move out of a walk. He was not required to. There was perfect adaptation between man and horse. They never appeared except in the summer time. The man's clothing was simply indescribable. It must have expressed his own unaided ideals. To attempt his coat: The sleeves were almost tight, so was the waist, with buttons very close together. Attached was a somewhat full skirt reaching all around down to the knees. It was certainly not a

Paris creation, and yet the man was a Frenchman and his name was Lasalle. He wore spectacles. The vehicle was a two-wheeled cart, but it had a top fashioned something like a buggy top. The seat had a comfortable look. There seemed perfect confidence in the horse. The lines rested loosely down on the shafts. It may be confidently questioned whether he had asked any more suggestions in constructing the vehicle than he had in constructing his coat. As the outfit went by it created a drowsy, lazy, sleepy, dreamy, quiet atmosphere of perfect content felt on both sides of the road for some time after it had passed. Lasalle lived some two and a half miles or more north of Drakeville in the woods on the road leading down to the old Jennings Mill. His house was almost as uniquely constructed as his coat and buggy-cart. It was of boards about a foot wide set up perpendicularly in two lines about a foot apart and filled in between, it was reported, with clay tamped down as firmly as possible to form the wall for the purpose of making the whole bullet proof, as just at that time there was beginning to be heard talk that there might be a war. It was the same house in which "Jim" Livingston afterwards lived, he to whom the boys used to go to have their hair "shingled" after they had reached the age and conclusion that mother was not skillful as a barber. No barber had yet set up in Drakeville. Whence Lasalle came, or whither or when he went, I never knew. He disappeared. But he belongs, it seems to me, in the picture.

A man by the name of Hutchinson lived somewhere west of Drakeville. He used to drive hogs to "The River" to market. He was a man of very striking personal appearance, fierce looking, very tall, very erect, large, a physical giant. His mustache was enormous. If he had a genuine pride in anything it was in his mustachios. He wore boots with pantaloons always inserted. His headgear was a very tall, visorless creation of some kind of fur or skin. His voice as he drove hogs was stentorian. He was everywhere known and spoken of as "Old Hutch." To have called him "Mr. Hutchinson" would have overwhelmed him with surprise. Spoken of in his presence he was, politely, "Hutch." It was not entirely fair to judge him by his looks. He was much better than appearances would suggest. Boys stood in awe of him, softened by a silent admiration.

John Linkendorfer was the only German in the community and he was of the pure blood, a perfect type, a square-head, stocky. He had no family. He was almost direct from the Fatherland. How he ever happened to "drop down" in Drakeville I think no one ever discovered. He was the first cabinetmaker and opened up a shop. He was industrious and seemed to prosper, but suddenly and quietly John transferred his every interest to Moulton and his round, ruddy face was never seen in Drakeville again. He passes in review only as a memory.

"Old Routh" kept the first hotel or tavern. It was the "Routh House." (Not sure of the spelling of the name.) It was at the northwest corner of the square. Memory grows dim as it gets back to the first hostelry, but it has a fairly good picture of the host. Perhaps he was not quite shabby in his personal appearance, but almost. His hair was black and unkempt, his eyes were black and complexion dark. Accuracy demands that it be stated that his lower eyelids turned out revealing a broad deep red streak, the whole somewhat rheumy. He ambled along as he walked. They did say of him that he was somewhat dissipated. He passed on.

P. B. Marcy kept a small store at the southwest corner of the square. He was a peculiar character. My impression is that he was very egotistical—that he very much indulged himself in the reflection that he was superior to other men. He was pharisaical and inclined to pass them by on the other side. Paul's injunction that "no man should think more highly of himself than he ought to think" he seemed to hold in supreme contempt. He was impatient in exhibiting his goods if his customer did not buy promptly. He never indulged in pleasantries. His collar and shirt front were always clean. His front store door opened directly to the north, and there was something of an aperture between the bottom of it and the threshold through which the fierce, biting winds of winter might sweep. To prevent them he kept a piece of old carpet to close the opening. When a customer (always a customer, nobody ever loafed there) opened the door to come in P. B., from the other end of the room, would call out, "Shut the door and push back the corkin." If one should mention to a citizen of those days the name "P. B. Marcy" he would instantly retort, "Shut the door and push back the corkin."

The martial music of those days, or perhaps it was not more the music than the personnel of the musicians! The contrasts were striking. There was Mr. Baldridge, an aged man from over south of town. He was tall. It seems to me yet that he was very tall. How much was in my boyish imagination I will not undertake to say. But he *was* tall. His hair was gray and his full beard long and white. How he could beat the snare drum! How I wish I could see him, hear the roll of his sticks once more, and feel such a thrill as I believe I have never felt since! There was Humble who lived in a long, low log house a block south of the square, the same house that Holt, the painter, lived in afterward. He was also an old man, short, obese, a large, round face, grizzled gray hair. It seemed to me he was just tall enough to see over his big bass drum. It was an unusually big one. How it did boom when he struck it! Then there was the fifer, a boyish figure, a beardless face, a very slender form, a little tall, perhaps, Nulton, who lived over southwest of town. He *must* have been an expert fifer. It cannot be that I was mistaken, or that I am now, after listening and contemplating it for more than sixty years. A few piercing notes—a bar—the drummers catching the time—they are off—speaking non-musically, age and youth, evening and morning of life. Am I never to see that picture again, or feel the blood racing along its course at the sound of the fife and drums, and in Drakeville, as of long ago?

SOME OF THE EARLY FAMILIES

George W. Lester was one of the earliest settlers in the Drakeville community. He entered the land and built a log cabin in 1843, upon which one of his daughters, Mrs. W. A. Wishard, still lives. In 1844 he moved his family from Pike County, Illinois, in a covered wagon to the claim. There the large family was reared and among the honored teachers in the old schoolhouse described were three of his daughters, Elizabeth, Isabel, and Emily to whom the writer is much indebted.

Of all the early arrivals in the community of which I have any knowledge, Samuel B. Downing was the earliest. White settlers were not permitted west of Van Buren County prior to May 1, 1843, because of stipulations in the treaty made with the Sac and Fox Indians. But Mr. Downing came into Iowa in 1838

from Pennsylvania, and not a great while after was in the Drakeville community. He finally established a home on "The Road" directly west of Drakeville about two and a half miles, where he lived many years, removing late in life to Bloomfield. He was the repository of all of the first things. He assisted in the first breaking of prairie sod and the first ever turned in that locality was on what afterward became the John Clarke farm, and was just across the road south of where the house on that farm still stands.

A peculiarity in the life of Mr. Downing was that as a youth he traveled alone on horseback from Iowa down into Old Mexico through a wild and a practically uninhabited country. What prompted the solitary horseman, whether curiosity, the love of adventure, or the thought of a new location, I never could ascertain. Later he made another trip to Mexico but this time as a United States soldier in the war with Mexico. He was at the Battle of Buena Vista and the storming of the City of Mexico where he received a saber wound in the shoulder. He was honored frequently by the people of Davis County, serving them as representative in the Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twenty-seventh, and Twenty-eighth general assemblies.

Ezra Kirkham's life was from choice a life of hard work. There may, indeed, have been behind it the urge of necessity, but without that stimulus, his would have been an active life. He lived on "The Road" three-quarters of a mile east of town. He built the original frame house there, a rather large one for that day. He had, however, previously opened up two farms two miles directly north of Drakeville, and built on each of them a house of almost exactly the same size and plan as the one just mentioned. One of these he sold to William Van Benthusen, the other to Hiram Pagett. Kirkham was a precise, careful, methodical man. He was an example to his fellow farmers of that day. There was nothing slovenly about his farm. It was clean. His fields were like gardens before he planted, and his corn rows were straight to perfection. As might be anticipated he was a rather austere man. There was no effusiveness about him—no humor. He did his work in his own exclusive atmosphere which did not appear particularly warm and inviting to others. Notwithstanding that he acquired the sobriquet of "Old Ezra" he was in much

esteem as a strong, upstanding man. The forcefulness of his life is strikingly manifest in the fact that he made these farms, one of them in the edge of the Soap Creek woods, and built these three houses within a few years, the largest, I think, the community has known even to this day, all, however, replaced by others some years ago. He must have come to the Drakeville community at least as early as 1847-8 or 9, because Hiram Pagett, coming from Malta, Morgan County, Ohio, purchased and occupied the south one of the two north farms in 1851. It was on these farms that the first orchards in the community were set out by Kirkham.

Pagett was a rather small man of fine mould. He was quiet, unobtrusive, gentle. The finer things of life, the beautiful, appealed to him. He loved trees, plants, fruits, and flowers and cultivated them. Flowers in abundance in their season were always about his home. It was, indeed, surprising for that day the amount of really fine fruit he produced. Four boys and two daughters constituted his family. The boys did the work on the farm which left him free to cultivate his esthetic faculty. He always seemed to me an old man yet he lived long afterward, dying in his ninety-fifth year at the home of his daughter in Drakeville.

B. F. Updike, a very good man, kindly disposed toward all men, and who, if a good life counts in the Beyond, expressing the materialistic theory as to such, certainly is in high favor there. He also came from Malta, Ohio. It is hardly to be resisted that there was something of a romance involved in this coming; he followed so soon, in 1852, the Pagett family, whom he must have known at Malta, and early in 1853 he married Mary. They lived many years in a log house just east and near the Pagett home when he then cleared out a farm immediately south of Drakeville, where, after seventy years, his life closed.

Charles Clarke, a brother of John Clarke, came from Indiana in 1854. His farm joined that of his brother on the east. He was a Mexican War veteran, and was in the Vicksburg campaign in the War of the Rebellion with the rank of captain.

William Van Benthusen was from Indiana and came to the farm adjoining Pagetts, I think, in 1853. He was an exceedingly strong man physically, tremendously energetic and resolute, abounded in good humor, kind and affectionate, intolerant of wrong, despising injustice. In defense of the moral forces and

the right things of life he was no mean antagonist. He was intensely patriotic. In later years during the war no one who knew him can ever forget how kindly affectionate and helpful he was to "the boys" in the army and how great his anxiety for them and for the Union cause. What a shadow fell upon his life and Aunt Fannie's—they were the writer's uncle and aunt—when two of their stalwart sons at close to the same time died of sickness in the army, and also a little son at home! Then after a few more years two grown daughters, while visiting a sister in Illinois, were drowned while boating. Tragedy upon tragedy! With what unevenness do the hardships and griefs of life sometimes seem to be dispensed! * * * Afterward, Uncle Will, moving to Bloomfield, served as county auditor and eventually died there after a long and most worthy life.

Another most worthy and influential citizen of the Drakeville community whose farm joined Van Benthussen's was Horatio A. Wonn. He came from Zanesville, Ohio, in 1853. Very soon after, he built a frame house out of native timber, as all houses at that time in that locality were, and for some years after. In this house he lived until his death in 1888. Mr. Wonn was distinguished by the fact that he was one of the agents of the John Brown Underground Railway, and his place was one of the stations on that mysterious road. Negroes escaping north to freedom were sheltered and protected there and assisted on their way to the next station. Of course Wonn was then a Republican. But in reconstruction days he was greatly influenced by Horace Greeley and the *New York Tribune*, and, strange as it may appear, he was at last led to affiliation with the Democratic party. In that faith he was twice elected to the state Senate, serving in the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth general assemblies. He was a man well informed on public questions and as to public men in general and was entertaining in conversation. He was a sincere man of high character, greatly esteemed. He was a lover of fine stock and was a breeder of shorthorn cattle and, it is believed, held the first sale of pedigreed cattle ever held in the county, and was also the first exclusive breeder of Jersey cattle.

An early emigrant to the community whose home was established just two miles north of Drakeville was Alexander Breed-

ing. He came in the spring of 1818 from Shelby County, Indiana. His son Silas came at the same time and made his home two and a half miles northeast of town. These were very worthy families and for many years dwelt in the community, a credit to it. But none remain there now. This seems strange when one reflects that in these two families there were twenty-four children. Only two, one of each family, now survive and in counties distant from Davis. This serves to call to mind that there were many large families in those days. The writer readily calls to mind six of ten children or more, and six others of six to eight each, in the Drakeville community. Only once in many hundred are there families so numerous any more. Like many things of pioneer days, their representatives appear no more.

There were two excellent families of Elliotts, George and John, who came early from Pennsylvania. John established himself in a long, low, log house a mile and a quarter northeast of Drakeville. George's home was a mile north of town. He started the first nursery in Davis County and he or his son Frank, in partnership with John Clarke, bought and used in the community the first cornplanter, a crude looking affair. Here it may be said that Henry Taylor owned the first mowing machine, called the Russell Screw Power, and John Lockman the first reaper, the "McCormick Self Raker," and Elliotts (George) had the first cane mill and made the first sorghum molasses.

Here one is reminded of a tragedy. Willis Morgan and his family came some time before the war to Drakeville from Indiana. He was a blacksmith. The track of the Rock Island Railroad in the west part of town runs over the spot where his house stood. The Morgan family was a most estimable one. One of the girls, I think the oldest one, married John Elliott, one time clerk of the District Court of Appanoose County, and her son is the present clerk. Many years ago, in the nighttime, their home was destroyed by fire and Willis Morgan and his wife lost their lives in the conflagration.

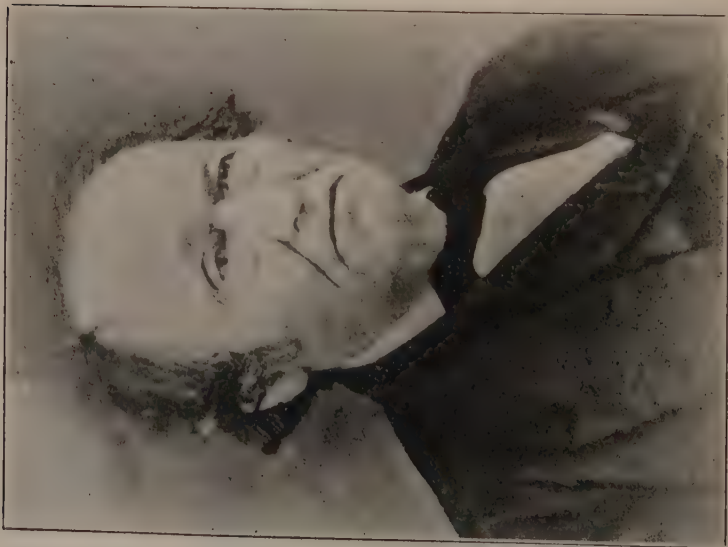
John P. Gaston came to Drakeville from Morgan County, Ohio, in 1856 and no one having continued the "tavern" business he opened up an undertaking establishment in the erstwhile "Routh House" and administered the burial rites for the departed in that community for fifty-four years, or until his death in 1910,

a remarkable record. All caskets, or coffins they were called, were for many years made by him out of native walnut lumber. Mr. Gaston never looked like he had a very firm hold on life for himself, being very tall and very slender, yet he lived to be seventy-nine years of age. He was a quiet man and a good citizen. His widow still lives in Drakesville at the age of eighty-six years.

The family of Thomas Lockman very early arrived in the Drakeville community, coming from Hendrix County, Indiana, in the fall of 1847. Mr. Lockman purchased and settled upon a claim adjoining the town site of Drakeville on the west. The family consisted of one son, John B., and six sisters. Of this family one still survives, the youngest one, Mrs. Joseph Higbee of Bloomfield. John B. married Nancy M. Drake, thus becoming allied with the Drake family, and for years was engaged in farming and stock business and later a general mercantile business also in the town under the firm name of Drake & Lockman. This business in all of its features was successful and for many years the name of Lockman filled a large place in the community to the great credit of the name and to the general helpfulness of the community. Thomas Lockman died at Drakeville in 1862, and John B. in 1896, but for very many more years the name and the large farm immediately adjoining will be inseparably connected with earliest days in Drakeville.

In about 1852 or 1853 the little state of Rhode Island made a contribution to Drakeville in the persons of the Sayles and Nightingale families. The New England states made no other contribution to Drakeville pioneer life so far as I am able to recall. Indeed, I doubt whether the community has ever at any time had a single other Yankee representative. Yet my knowledge of the last fifty years is not nearly so accurate as my memory of more than sixty years ago. These representatives were of the true, genuine, Yankee type. There were in all six I know, and I think seven of the Sayles children, and down to the last one and the last day the speech of each one of them, like Peter's, betrayed them. It was distinctly New England. Nightingale was a son-in-law of Sayles and before coming to the far inland country had been a sailor on the stormy Atlantic.

How strangely and how quickly were our western communities



JOHN ADAMS DRAKE
Father of Governor Francis Marion Drake.



HARRIET JANE O'NEAL DRAKE
Mother of Governor Francis Marion Drake.

sometimes made up. In these recollections not a larger space than three by five miles is included, nor any time later than 1857, except in extending over facts, because it was found impractical, yet into this small space came representatives of six states. These were the very familiar names of the community. These never went on or went back. They stayed and made the life of the Drakeville people. I do not recall but one who ever went back. Ben Chambers, from Indiana, who lived in the Lester neighborhood, after a few years, returned.

The family that did the most in the way of developing the community under consideration, the most forward moving and enterprising of all, the one that contributed most to the common good not only of that day, but also of the future, the one that really gave Drakeville a permanent name and place in the history of the state, was the Drake. They were capable people. They could and did do things. Withal they were most estimable people. They were distinguished by high character, right purposes. The town by any other name would have won its place because of them alone.

John Adams Drake and Harriet Jane Oneal, the founders of this family, and of the town of Drakeville (the name of the town is Drakeville, not Drakesville) were originally from the South. Both were born in North Carolina and were married there in 1827. They moved to Tennessee, then to Illinois, then to Fort Madison, Iowa, then to where is now the town of Drakeville, in 1846. The town was platted February 12, 1847, on Drake's land. He engaged in merchandising, superintended farming, and established a mill for manufacturing flour and meal and sawing lumber. After some years it was destroyed by fire. His business ventures were prosperous, some of them engaged in after some years, under the name of Drake & Sons. In after years they extended them to other places. He established the first bank in Drakeville. He served the county as its representative in the Fourth Genral Assembly. The business ability and character of the sons is discoverable in their careers as bankers and merchants in Drakeville, Unionville, Centerville, and Albia, in the brilliant military career of Francis Marion in the War of the Rebellion, in his railroad building career, in his generosity in the matter of assisting in establishing and developing Drake University, and his gen-

eral charitable, helpful life, and in his political career as governor of Iowa.

General Drake was sixteen years old when the family came to Drakeville. It was there that the substantial foundations of his life, directed through his young manhood by the forceful personalities of his father and mother, were laid, and which enabled him to become, measured by things done, far and away the first of all of the men who have ever lived in that community. It was the Drake family, as such, its men and its women, that made the locality known away from home. This is not to say that all the people mentioned herein did not contribute largely to the wholesome, high-minded life that has ever distinguished the community. They did. Only now and then in far distant and widely separated places can one of their descendants be found. They are gone, all gone. The writer has seen them pass and knows that they handed on a community possessing all the best American characteristics, traditions, and ideals. Nor will he allow it to be said that the men of that day contributed one whit more to such result than did the women who have not been specifically mentioned. They did not. The brunt of the world, its greater hardships, its great trials of wearing endurance, its greatest responsibilities are borne by the women, and much more especially so in the early or pioneer days. The immortalities of that time belong to the Aunt Janes, the Aunt Rhodas, the Aunt Harriets, the Aunt Margarets, the Aunt Fannies, and Aunt Marys and many others.

It was not my purpose, after I saw the length to which these reminiscences were going to reach, to get at all into the Civil War period, but as I close I have just now written down the names of all those I can at once recall who, from the first to the last, enlisted in the army from the little space covered by the community considered. The names are forty. I saw them drill. I saw them go away. Some of them sleep at Pea Ridge, some at Donelson, some at Shiloh, some at Vicksburg, some at Atlanta, some at other fields, some by the wayside on long marches, others here, others there. They made the community glorious forever.

May the Drakeville Community of the long future ever be a credit to the men and women of the early days!

IOWA SUFFRAGE MEMORIAL COMMISSION¹

Were there records of the cave man to read, we would probably discover there the first agitation for the rights of women. Recorded history of the rise and fall of races discloses the continuous struggle for the rights of man with an occasional glimpse of an accompanying question of the rights of women.

The writings of Margaret, Queen of Navarre, and Catherine of Pisa in the fourteenth century demanded the recognition of equality of women and the conservation of morals in place of the licentiousness of that age. Queen Elizabeth's reign, 1558-1603, was called the "Paradise of Women," even though the change of women's place in the scheme of things was very slight. In the eighteenth century women demanded higher educational advantages, the right to vote and to enter Parliament. Mary Woolstonecraft dedicated a book, "Vindications of the Rights of Women," to Talleyrand in remonstrance to his new constitution in 1792.

In America the struggle of women for a broader sphere of action began in the Colonial period. Bridget Graffort in 1700 gave the first ground for a public school, but girls were refused admittance. Among the editors of the first newspapers of Colonial America were women, notably Clementia Reed of the *Virginia Gazette*, and Margaret Draper of the *Massachusetts Gazette*. Mabel Otis Warren in 1775 advised the separation of the colonies from the mother country, Abigail Smith Adams in 1776 protested against the formation of a new government in which women should not be recognized, and Hannah Lee Corbin in 1778 wrote against taxation of women unless they were allowed to vote.

Books on our library shelves by such foreign writers as Jane Marcet, Eliza Linn, George Sand, Harriet Martineau, Edmund Burke, and John Stuart Mill discussing women's rights preceded somewhat the anti-slavery work of our American women. The great triangle of progressive movements, slavery, temperance, and suffrage, became of almost equal importance in the minds of

¹This article has been written jointly by Mrs. Fred Hunter, Mrs. Fred Crowley, Mrs. E. A. Lingenfelter, Miss Mary Rosemond, Dr. Carrie Harvison-Dickey, and Mr. E. R. Harlan, members of the Iowa Suffrage Memorial Commission. -- Editor.

Emma Willard, Elizabeth Blackwell, Lydia Maria Child, the Grimke sisters, Abbey Kelly, Ernestine Rose, Margaret Fuller, Julia Ward Howe, Harriett Beecher Stowe, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Antoinette Brown, Frances E. Willard, Lucy Stone, and Lucretia Mott. The World's Anti-Slavery Convention in London refused admittance to women. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Lucretia Mott decided to "call a women's rights convention for a full and free discussion of women's rights and wrongs." On July 19 and 20, 1848, the women met in Seneca Falls, New York, for this purpose. Following this meeting a great educational movement was started throughout the country and until the Civil War this period was marked by the organization of suffrage clubs, conventions, and state, national, legislative, and congressional hearings. No conventions were held during the war. Women turned their attention to war-time duties through organizations called "loyal leagues." Little or no recognition was given their war service. Their former requests for equality were ignored.

The high point of the struggle for women's suffrage of the nineteenth century was the Reconstruction period after the Civil War. Great efforts to obtain representation were made in the first two post-war congresses with the result that the Fourteenth Amendment was adopted in 1868 defining a citizen for the first time and containing the word "male." The next congress refused to add the word "sex" to the Fifteenth Amendment. The women decided to take the suffrage fight to the states where constitutional amendment or revision was possible.

Brief accounts of pioneer suffrage work appear in Iowa newspaper files as early as 1854. Frances Dana Gage lectured through southern Iowa in that year. In 1855 Amelia Bloomer removed to Council Bluffs from New York and for twenty years was active in Iowa. In 1866 Anna Dickinson and Annie N. Savery lectured throughout Iowa. Coincident with the work of the suffragists are recorded in the newspapers at this early date the aversion of the "antis" and the growing alarm of the liquor interests. Later these two combined against the suffrage movement. Eastern speakers of note who early came to Iowa were Lucretia Mott, Mary A. Livermore, Henry B. Blackwell, Lucy Stone Blackwell, Susan B. Anthony, who made over a hundred

speeches in the state, and Elizabeth Cady Stanton. In 1868 suffrage clubs were organized in Dubuque, Burlington, and Mahaska, Kossuth, and Polk counties, with a strong equal rights association in the town of Algona. The *Upper Des Moines*, a newspaper published in Algona in the early sixties by Lizzie B. Reed, was an early suffrage organ.

The Iowa Equal Suffrage Association was organized in Des Moines November 17, 1870, which was some fifty years later to merge into the League of Women Voters. Attorney-General Henry O'Connor was the first president and in 1872 Amelia Bloomer was elected to this place. The Des Moines Political Equality Club was organized in the fall of 1870. This club assumed at once the burden of education and legislation and very definitely influenced the policy of the state work in the early days. There are on file in the office of the Suffrage Memorial Commission in the Historical Building in Des Moines, interrupted records of the work of this club from 1870 to 1920, and of the work of the state organization an almost complete record from its inception in 1870 to the ratification of the Suffrage Amendment in 1919. These records are invaluable to history, but at best poorly portray the struggles, difficulties, discouragements, and obstacles which the women of this club and the movement encountered.

Active in the early days were Amelia C. Bloomer, Annie N. Savery, Caroline A. Ingham, Lizzie B. Reed, Margaret N. Campbell, Narcissa T. Bemis, Eliza Heaton Hunter, Mary A. Work, Maria A. Orwig, Susan Charman, Mary Jane Coggeshall, and Martha C. Callanan. The latter two were the original editors of the *Women's Standard*, official organ of suffrage activity in Iowa from 1886 to 1917.

The Iowa Equal Suffrage Association had a bitter struggle. The peak years of discouragement were 1903 to 1905. Had it not been for Mary Jane Coggeshall, called the "Mother of Suffrage in Iowa," these pages in our history would be darker than they are. Noted for her fearless attitude, her persistent and consistent efforts, her generous donation of funds, time, and energy, she "mothered" the movement throughout her forty-one years of activity. Her membership on the board of the American Women's Suffrage Association linked Iowa more closely with the national movement and with the states active in their struggle for the

ballot. She served as president of the state association and was always its staunch supporter. She was a firm believer in the lobby which was maintained at the Capitol for many years to look after the interests of suffrage.

Carrie Lane Chapman in 1890 read two papers before the Polk County Suffrage Society, one on Shakespeare and one on suffrage. The society heartily endorsed the suffrage paper and urged her to take up the work. She became a lecturer on this subject and later as Carrie Chapman Catt, national president, led the suffragists to victory in 1919.

An intensive organization took place in Iowa in 1911 and 1912. Suffrage, emerging from the stages of indifference and ridicule, was becoming popular. In 1910 the Men's League for Woman Suffrage was organized in Des Moines and, due to the efforts of Susan B. Anthony, similar leagues were organized over the state. There were four new suffrage clubs in Des Moines in 1911-1912, the Des Moines Business Women's League with the slogan "Votes for Women in 1916," the Votes for Women League, the Des Moines Still College of Osteopathy Club, and the Eliza H. Hunter Club. As the work progressed the legislative side was emphasized. In 1911 a suffrage council was organized which later became a joint committee with the state organization and assisted in the legislative work. The primary object of the council was to harmonize and unify the efforts of the different local clubs. The State Federation of Women's Clubs unanimously endorsed suffrage in 1911 under the presidency of Mrs. Homer A. Miller. The Women's Christian Temperance Union persistently worked for the ballot through their suffrage department, as this movement was closely linked with the temperance work, and as early as 1905 the State Federation of Labor endorsed suffrage.

Miss Flora Dunlap was elected president of the state association in 1914. Plans were made to organize all the ninety-nine counties and eleven congressional districts, preparatory to the intensive educational campaign to get out and vote for the Suffrage Amendment June 5, 1916. Carrie Chapman Catt with funds and workers came to our assistance, extensive headquarters were established, and a state-wide effort was made. The amendment when submitted to the people was defeated by 10,000 votes.

From 1870, the date of the organization of the state associa-

tion, there was a bill before every session of the legislature asking some form of suffrage for women. The number of signatures to the petitions accompanying these bills varied from 8,000 to 100,000.

In 1884 a bill for municipal suffrage was introduced, amended to include school suffrage, and recommended for passage, but it never came to a vote. This bill was again introduced in 1888, and in 1890, but failed to pass. It was not until 1894 that women were given the right to vote on municipal and school and bond issues. The greatest difficulty in securing municipal and school suffrage was the opinion prevalent among legislators that it would be unconstitutional. In view of this fact the state association decided to ask only for the full franchise by constitutional amendment. In 1898 the legislative committee of the association secured a joint resolution for the submission of an amendment, and this they continued to do through all of the sessions down to 1919.

In 1913 their efforts were rewarded. A joint resolution for the submission of an amendment passed both houses for the first time. The proposed amendment provided for the repeal of Section 1 of Article II of the Constitution of the state and for the enactment and adoption of the following substitute: "Every citizen of the United States, of the age of twenty-one years, who shall have been a resident of this state six months next preceding the election, and of the county in which he or she claims his or her vote, sixty days, shall be entitled to vote at all elections which are now or hereafter may be authorized by law. Resolved further, that the foregoing proposed amendment be, and is hereby referred to the legislature to be chosen at the next general election for members of the next assembly, and that the secretary of state cause the same to be published for three months previous to the day of said election as provided by law."

In 1915 the resolution was again passed by both houses of the Thirty-sixth General Assembly, and the question was submitted to the people at the primary election on June 5, 1916, but was lost by a vote of 162,683 to 173,024—a majority of 10,341.

The fight was again taken up and carried successfully through the Thirty-seventh General Assembly, but through an oversight in the office of the secretary of state, the amendment was not pub-

lished three months before the election, as required by law, and therefore could not be referred to the Thirty-eighth assembly.

The Thirty-eighth General Assembly, in 1919, gave to women the right to vote for presidential electors, and also again passed the woman suffrage amendment, in order that it might be referred to the Thirty-ninth assembly, which would meet in 1921, but on July 2, 1919, the Thirty-eighth General Assembly in special session ratified the federal amendment for woman suffrage, Iowa being the tenth state to ratify. On August 18, 1920, the thirty-sixth state ratified the federal amendment, and the long struggle for the suffrage was ended.

Suffragists felt that further education of the people, following the defeat of the referendum, was not required and that all efforts should be confined to legislative work. Defeated by the people, the "antis" and the "wets," the suffragists, though undaunted in courage were depleted in energy and funds. The legislative fight was waged by only a few active participants. Rapid changes were taking place in both the national and local life of suffrage. Legislators and parties, recognizing that votes for women were inevitable, fought more bitterly and stubbornly than ever. Intensive lobbying was resorted to by the suffragists. Every political trick on the calendar was resorted to by some of our esteemed legislators to hinder, to prohibit, to defeat if possible the enfranchisement of women. The legislative record explains more eloquently than words the attitude of the legislature against women, against the movement, against the pioneer suffragists whose efforts should not be minimized or soon forgotten, who toiled early and late, in and out of season, to bring about equality of manhood and womanhood before the law.

Senator Addison Parker said to his colleagues one day, "It is a little singular that every time woman's suffrage comes before the Senate supposed friends try to obscure the issue by misleading amendments." Again: "Two years ago when the amendment to the Constitution giving suffrage to women was before the Senate, Senator Kimball sought to amend it by an amendment which was not germane and the chair so ruled." Again: "Now supposed friends of suffrage seek to delay and embarrass the bill by confusing amendments." And again: "I should like to believe that Senator Rule is a friend of suffrage as he claims, but

his actions on the measure do not so prove. The substitution of the Rule resolution is nothing but subterfuge, and the men who stand up here and espouse this substitution are not the real friends of the women nor the friends we want."

In 1917 an effort was made for a resubmission of the question to the people, but this failed because of an error in the clerk's records in the office of the secretary of state. The women then worked for a primary bill, which was defeated by certain senators who were solicitous that women have full suffrage and not partial suffrage, as provided in the primary bill. The Senate then thought they had seen the last of the women, but the Legislative Committee met at once and planned to submit the Presidential Bill. On April 4, 1919, this bill passed the Senate, having previously been passed in the House. This made Iowa the twenty-ninth state in the Union to grant presidential suffrage.

The Nineteenth, or the "Susan B. Anthony Amendment" to the Constitution of the United States passed Congress June 4, 1919, and was submitted to the people for ratification. The two women doing intensive work in Iowa at this time were Mrs. Pauline Lewellyn Devitt of Oskaloosa and Mrs. Lillian Hall Crowley of Des Moines. They seized this opportunity to bring Iowa forward among the first states to ratify. They circularized the members of the legislature as to their views in calling a special session and, much to the satisfaction of the suffragists, Governor William L. Harding at once convened the legislature of Iowa in extraordinary session on July 2, 1919, for the sole purpose of ratifying the Federal Suffrage Amendment without delay. The legislature convened at 10 A. M. and at 11:40 o'clock the resolution had passed both houses, making a record for efficiency and dispatch.

The suffragists took their victory quietly, but with a feeling of deep thankfulness to Almighty God that their nearly fifty years of service had resulted at last in bringing the vote to women.

"Come, let us make a monument unto the Lord," is always in the heart that holds the jewel of gratitude. The Iowa Suffrage Memorial Commission was organized in September, 1920, for the purpose of erecting a memorial commemorating the event and the workers for the achievement of equal suffrage. A research committee was appointed to tabulate data and collect materials to be

placed in a room secured in the Historical Building, these records to be available to all posterity.

Whenever, among the races of man, conspicuous culture has been attained there has been a racial custom or trait to erect memorials. Tribute was attempted to be paid thereby to such persons, events, or periods as denoted or produced some advancement toward the racial ideal. The hands and hearts which engaged in designing, modelling, constructing, or financing any such structures were engaged in what was in their time their most solemn, sacred, and inspiring service. They paid their tribute to their ideal, person, or event and through their arts afforded us, a different race in a different period, the text and set the measure whereby we determine their and our own racial culture. Memorials, then, occur as the fruits of intelligent, enthusiastic gratitude, the attainment of a racial ideal.

As marking the time and place at which universal suffrage, a great change in the affairs of men, took place, our nation and our state have both been important factors. All other leading nations have figured in and been altered by the general revolution in political thought, and the national intelligence has finally awakened to the realization that among the qualities of citizenship there is no gender. Yet no nation, no state, no public or private enterprise has taken steps to commemorate this advance in the march of mankind. This movement in our state, this enterprise, stands here alone on earth, a unique and noble instance of small numbers leading in a world affair. Through the Suffrage Commission, for purely esthetic ends, in gratitude only, working without money pay, we are to bring from the soul of some one with a genius for stating through bronze or stone the composite feeling of this generation. The consummation of this task will be to the glory of the past, to the honor of the present, and to the inspiration of future generations.

In Iowa, with the choice of eminences available, man accepted nature's invitation and crowned the most majestic of them with our noble Capitol. No other in all America is placed in that full contemplation of memorial and artistic environment. Mr. Masqueray, the architect of the grounds, reading the public mind which wished to add to and not take from the stately beauty of our Capitol, spaced the grounds especially for future architec-

tural and art structures. In Iowa history there are many persons, enterprises, and events crying to be told of truly, imperishably in the classic language of the sculptor's art.

Among American events the achievement of universal suffrage was big and brilliant. A commemoration of this achievement in America, while appropriate in any state, in Iowa is particularly apt, where elements combine to dictate provision and placement of the creation of some master mind, a Daniel Chester French or a Lorado Taft. Those called to create such a token to such an event in such a place have a clear call, a sacred task. For the public to participate in raising in Iowa the first monument on earth to the achievement of equal rights is to fall upon a happy opportunity. Participating in this enterprise is to perform, as all humanity will surely with one voice say in time to come, "Whoever wrought with consecration achieved nobility."

OTTUMWA IN 1847

Ottumwa, the county seat of Wapello, is situated upon the Des Moines, and contains many good houses, three or four stores, two hotels, and several mechanic shops. It has a pleasant site, being built against a bluff, which gives it an appearance of one of our river towns. It is twenty-eight miles from Fairfield, and six from Agency City. The Appanoose rapids are at this place; and it appears from a survey made by Mr. D. Armstrong, that 42,000 cubic feet of water passed over the rapids per minute. The fall of these rapids is estimated to be four feet in a mile. A large steam grist and saw mill is in operation at the present time, and from what we could ascertain, does profitable and extensive business.—*Weekly Miners' Express*, Dubuque, Iowa, September 15, 1847. (In the newspaper collection of the Historical, Memorial and Art Department of Iowa.)

SCENIC, SCIENTIFIC, AND HISTORIC IOWA AREAS¹

BY EDGAR R. HARLAN

In Iowa it is but a short spin from prairie lands to fairy lands. Even with moderate roads one can ride from Des Moines in an automobile through certain settlements which resemble parts of the heart of Europe, and others of aboriginal Iowa nature. You can see a natural bridge rivaling that of Virginia; caves of equal scientific interest with that of Kentucky; hills, valleys, plants, and fossils the glaciers left untouched; grottoes in which ice forms while the sun wilts the corn; lakes rimmed with boulders man cannot move.

One can see in Iowa lakes like those of Switzerland—only on levels where men till the soil and live. Stretches of the stone which is the foundation bedrock of the world rise in a forty-acre plot above our soil. Great hills on our Missouri River coast rise toward the clouds without a pebble in their structure. They were blown in drifts like snow from Nebraska plains before man was born. Thereon grow plants unknown except upon the arid western plains. Upon one of these hills you may stand where Lincoln stood, and with his long arm pointed to where the first iron horse should soon outrun the buffalo across his native pastures toward the West.

You can retrace the Mormon trail—the course hundreds and thousands took across Iowa with ox teams and covered wagons—and in fancy you meet them rushing to the Golden West. In memory some of us yet living join the eastward-going throng returning from grasshopper-scourged claims of Kansas and Nebraska. On this old road you pass the sites of mills, bridges, ferries, camp sites, and graveyards placed by these first rovers overland. You cross the path of old John Brown, and the trail of Jesse James and see the bank he robbed.

Within the Black Hawk Purchase settlements first were made in Iowa. You see the fields first plowed to show to the Indians the white man's way of raising the corn and beans which the red

¹An address delivered before the Des Moines Rotarians at Hotel Fort Des Moines July 24, 1919.

man had cultivated here before he had a paleface friend. There are the cornfields of Keokuk, Wapello, Hardfish, Kish-ke-kosh and Poweshiek. You see the council grove where these red chiefs in council with Governor Chambers sold Iowa to our government. You stand at the grave of Wapello and the site of Black Hawk's burial, you tread the ancient camp sites and battle fields of Indian times, and see the lock walls built in days of navigation of the Des Moines River.

You go through the region of the lower Des Moines, more interesting in the story of our state than is the lower James in the story of our nation. You see the most stupendous structures for power and navigation on the Mississippi, pass the sites of a dozen seats of learning of territorial days, visit the earlier capitols of Iowa, and the graves of nearly all our earlier statesmen.

Throughout this five days tour, actual in my experience, you are always within thirty minutes of the mounds and works of prehistoric men; within sight or sound of locomotives and travel all the way between walls of growing corn and pastures of prize live stock. Not a single acre is available for less than \$50.00, 80 per cent would cost \$200, and much of it sells at \$400 to \$500 per acre. You will be always within one hour of some institution of our state, built and operated ideally to relieve distress of mind or body.

But you cannot go swimming, boating, fishing, camping, nor play ball unless in cities, without trespassing. You cannot see one of the marvels I have named except over private lands; you encounter hundreds of signs, "No Trespassing"; you examine nothing without consent. Some places you are distressed by finding owners have destroyed walnut and hickory groves and ledges and caves of stone because careless visitors, perchance, have sometimes left gates open or broken fences. Nor do you reasonably complain against such vandalism. The owners of these trees and blooded stock, or the caves and growing crops, are justified in this destruction. They paid real money for the lands, they spend their money for construction and upkeep of fences, and they pay their taxes perpetually for the proper enjoyment and profit of private and protected ownership.

Only a few years ago when the country was open the public generally resorted freely to the open lands. In many places may

still be seen the ancient, deep-worn pathways crossed by fences. These paths were made by game, trod by the Indian, followed by the pioneer, and are still used by boys and men. These fences are broken by human streams along these paths exactly as the floods break the wire strands which cross their ancient channels. Men will exercise their ancient right of recreation. They will and do tramp the open as they did when they were boys. There always will be men and boys and they are not outlaws.

Recognizing these conflicting truths respecting these inharmonious interests, the state set out to open, acquire, and preserve some of these areas. Due compensation shall be made to private owners. Appropriate provision will be made that the healthful may resort to the open air with safety, without contempt of fellow citizens, and with full self-respect. Areas unique for scenery will be acquired. Those embracing objects and materials useful or interesting in scientific study will be reserved. Grounds will be bought whereon occurred important scenes in early and recent social life; where prehistoric works exist; where lie the ashes of our great; where shafts that speak of all these facts should stand. Shore lines of lakes and rivers, reservoirs, and steeps and slopes deforested in early days will be secured. Some will be replanted in time with useful and attractive trees. Small roadside areas on streams, in shade, will be provided where families touring may camp overnight and rise in the morning without passing cars having filled with dust their bed and breakfast. All this, in time to come, is the state's objective.

The State Board of Conservation was created by the Thirty-seventh General Assembly to advise with the Executive Council upon the application toward these ends of half the gun-license income. It was endowed and otherwise empowered by the Thirty-eighth General Assembly to accelerate the plan and \$100,000 per year for this purpose was set aside and is being prudently laid out.

The members of the Board are Dr. L. H. Pammel of Ames, chairman; Hon. Joseph Kelso, Bellevue; Hon. John F. Ford, Fort Dodge; and Curator E. R. Harlan of Des Moines, secretary.²

²The present members of the Board are L. H. Pammel, Ames, president; Mrs. C. H. McNider, Mason City; Wm. E. G. Saunders, Emmetsburg; Mrs. E. F. Armstrong, Fort Dodge; and Clifford L. Niles, Anamosa. R. E. Johnson, Des Moines, is secretary and W. C. Merckens, Des Moines, assistant secretary.

The Board believes the advantages are mutual between centers of population and the state at large and that there is, in justice, an implied ratio of cost based on resulting benefits of acquisition between these two. It expects, regardless of local or general interest, to preserve certain areas for scientific and historical reasons. It expects to examine and consider every area mentioned by responsible citizens of the state. It has been offered areas cost free and has accepted them. It has been guaranteed areas at from ten to thirty-five per cent under appraised commercial values and has entertained with favor and purchased some of these. It has made arrangements to pay appraised values where local citizens from private sources have paid a part thereon. It has leased lands threatened at once to be despoiled, so that they shall remain of interest and value until zeal and funds accumulate wherewith to purchase them. It has viewed with deep concern the ring around all our lakes of privately owned and often highly improved properties, across which rings the public cannot go to where lie the banks and bodies of water belonging to the common public. Chagrin is felt from objection of some such owners against opening grounds nearby where parking sites and camping places can be established, to be made free and open to the Iowa citizen who can be there but a day or night each year. It has encountered with disgust lands yesterday for sale at bargain prices, today quoted to the state at double figures. It has advised that these will be at present passed to await completion of transactions which have in them full favor of localities affected. Especially are those localities favored that share with the state the original cost and offer further favors for the future. The Board gives notice that when the time comes for it to lay out full cash only for such areas, it will call for condemnation through the law devised for acquiring the Capitol Grounds, viz: By appraisement by jurymen appointed by our chief justice and brought from other counties than those wherein lie the lands desired.

Already the state has acquired some 1200 acres in Delaware County, at present known as "The Back Bone Park." This is the area the pioneers denominated "The Devil's Back Bone" which lies about a great bend on the Maquoketa River. There the glaciers split when they leveled our prairies, left lofty, an-

cient castellated rocks, covered with hoary moss and noble pine. Mammoth springs issue into the crystal stream which rushes on, the power of an old-time mill within the reservation.

At Farmington the citizens of Van Buren and Lee counties purchased and presented, cost free, 100 acres of virgin forest bearing every species of Iowa oak, some of gigantic size. A natural lake of 40 acres filled with gorgeous water lilies centers the tract.

At Keosauqua some 654 acres³ of wild timber country bordering the Des Moines River, broken and brushy in places, level and cultivated in others, still has among its native denizens flocks of the old drumming pheasants or roughed grouse. Scores of coveys of the old bobwhite thrive there. There are dens of fur-bearing animals and nests of all the native birds. The whole is encircled by a good highway outside of which is a zone of private lands a mile in width whereon state rules for protecting animal and plant life are voluntarily respected and enforced as if state-owned. The lands in parcels sold usually at \$45, \$55, and \$65 per acre. It was optioned for our Board by a volunteer group of Keosauqua citizens and sold to the state at an average of \$40 per acre. The unique "Keosauqua Scheme" of helping the state purchase the tract was resorted to. Each interested individual subscribed the cost of an acre of the ground until the citizens had contributed \$6,400.00.

Near Muscatine at the Wild Cat Den two nature-loving pioneer women, the Brandt sisters, owned an area of some 60 acres which they offered, cost free, to the Board. Inspection of their tract proved it to be merely the heart of a region of immense interest. Accepting the gift, the Board proceeded toward acquiring the rest of 300 acres at a cost to be shared between the state and citizens of the immediate region. The enlarged tract comes down along a fishing stream, includes a mill, opens upon a main highway and borders the Mississippi River.

A hundred other areas of similar character are under consideration. They are certain to be acquired in view of the fixed de-

³The Lacey-Keosauqua State Park now embraces 1,400 acres. Since the delivery of this address the conservation work has so grown that there are now under charge and control of the State Board of Conservation, twenty-nine state parks. Some came by gift, some by purchase, and some in part by gift and in part by purchase. They range in size from 1,400 acres to 5 acres. Several are on the shores of lakes, others are along the bluffs bordering streams.

mand and need by the ordinary individual, by the scientist, and because of the historical, memorial, and recreational demands of those who have some depth of human interest or love for nature's ways.

RED ROCK IN 1847

Red Rock, eight and one-half miles northwest from Knoxville, is a small town upon the bank of the Des Moines. It is located upon a timbered bottom, and presents quite a romantic appearance. It contains about twenty houses, two stores, one grocery, one hotel, and several mechanical shops. At about three-fourths of a mile from the town is the celebrated Red Rock, or the point from which the old Indian boundary line commenced. It began at this rock, and ran due south to the Missouri River,¹ and due north to the neutral grounds. All the country west of this line was occupied by the Indians until October 11, 1845, at which time they were required by the terms of the treaty to move west of the Missouri. I should be pleased to give the reader a faint idea of the scenery in the vicinity of Red Rock, were it in my power to do so; but for this undertaking I would need the graphic pen of an Irving, or the vivid imagination of a Lippard. Here Nature is seen in every form; along the river bottom, both wind and water seem to have conspired to uproot and level down the sturdiest trees, and to have thrown them in wild confusion amongst the standing timber, conveying the idea of a Red River raft upon dry land; while in the distance, and upon the margin of the valley, stupendous rocks and overhanging cliffs, gaily festooned with running vines and creeping moss, and a thousand varieties of stunted shrubs and diminutive trees, form a bold outline to the valley below. As for the Rock itself, I could see nothing so very remarkable about it except its color, which is quite red and very soft, and its singular projection above and over part of the river; a very good port, thought I, for a flat boat in a heavy shower of rain.—*Weekly Miners' Express*, Dubuque, Iowa, September 15, 1847. (In the newspaper collection of the Historical, Memorial and Art Department of Iowa.)

¹This should have read "the Missouri state line,"—Editor,



HORACE BOIES

From a painting in oil by George H. Yewell, in the collections of the Historical, Memorial and Art Department of Iowa.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF GOVERNOR BOIES

Albert J. Edwards of Waterloo, of the firm of Edwards, Longley, Ransier & Harris, lawyers, has recently turned over to the Historical Department his original correspondence in which the late Governor Boies set out in autobiographical form the salient features of his life and public career. In order that this correspondence may be made available to the public, and especially to students, we reproduce it in full.

Mr. Edwards says, "I had a very high personal regard for Governor Boies. It was while I was deputy clerk of our court that he was in the office one day and said to me, 'Albert, you ought to read law while you are here. You are getting the practice and a wide acquaintance, and if you should ever want to practice law you would be fitted for it.' At that time Mr. Boies was the leading lawyer in this part of the state and naturally I followed his suggestion, and was admitted in 1880. In 1880 I was elected clerk of the district court, which office I held for six successive terms. Mr. Boies's suggestion followed by me undoubtedly changed the whole tenor of my life. I have been in the active practice of the law since January 1, 1898, and now at the age of nearly seventy-eight I am still engaged therein."—EDITOR.

Law Offices of
EDWARDS & LONGLEY
Commercial Bank Bldg.
Waterloo, Iowa

Albert J. Edwards
Alfred Longley

Nov. 22, 1905.

Hon. Horace Boies,
Grundy Center, Iowa.
Dear Governor:

I have been requested to prepare a history of the Black Hawk County bar, and would esteem it a great favor if you would send the data in regard to your personal history in connection with the bar, together with the dates that you were governor of this state, and such other information as will enable me to give a correct history.

Yours very truly,

A. J. EDWARDS.

Dec. A. J. E.

A. J. Edwards, Esq.,
Waterloo, Iowa.

Grundy Center, Nov. 25, 1905.

Dear Sir:

Yours of the 22d inst. is received. My connection with the Black Hawk County bar began in the month of April, 1867, and continued until the first of January, 1890.

Before coming to Waterloo I had arranged with H. B. Allen to join him in the practice of our profession at that place and immediately upon my arrival entered his office and our business was conducted under the firm name of Boies & Allen.

The late Judge Couch was as I remember a student in Mr. Allen's office when I came to Waterloo and remained in the office until he was admitted to practice, after which (but at what precise date I do not now remember) he was taken into [the] firm and the business was conducted under the firm name of Boies, Allen & Couch. This firm continued in practice until the late seventies (but the exact year I do not now remember) when Mr. Allen on account of poor health retired from the firm.

About this time my oldest son, E. L. Boies, was admitted to practice and he was taken into the firm and the business was conducted under the firm name of Boies, Couch & Boies. This firm continued until the election of Judge Couch as district judge, but I am not now able to state definitely the year that this occurred. Soon after the retirement of Judge Couch from the firm Judge Husted was taken into the firm and the business was conducted in the firm name of Boies, Husted & Boies. This firm continued until I was elected governor and was inaugurated about the middle of February, 1890, instead of January, because of a deadlock in the legislature. I held that office until January 1, 1904.

I hope you will not deem it egotistical in me to say that while I was connected with the several firms aforesaid, the business of the several firms was so extended that we were employed in many important jury trials in a dozen or more different counties in this section of the state.

Respectfully yours,

H. BOIES.

Law Offices of
EDWARDS & LONGLEY
Commercial Bank Bldg.
Waterloo, Iowa

Albert J. Edwards
Alfred Longley

Dec. 2, 1905.

Hon. Horace Boies,
Grundy Center, Iowa.
Dear Governor:

I received your letter of the 25th ult., and thank you for the informa-

tion contained. But it has occurred to me that, on account of the distinction which you obtained in your profession and the fact that you were governor of this state, it would be well to have something of a history of your early life and legal education, where you were admitted to the bar, etc. I have understood, I do not know whether from you or others, that your early education was limited, and that you have won distinction in your profession and in the state by overcoming the disadvantages of your early life. It seems to me that a record of this might be an incentive to those who will read the history of the Black Hawk County bar.

I do not want to trouble you in this matter, but as you won greater distinction than any other member of the Black Hawk County bar, and acquired not only a state but a national reputation, I believe that what I have suggested will be of interest to all who will read the history.

Yours very truly,

A. J. EDWARDS.

Dic. A. J. E.

Grundy Center, Dec. 5, 1905.

A. J. Edwards, Esq.,
Waterloo, Iowa.

Dear Sir:

Yours of the 2nd inst. reached me last evening. The only hesitation I feel in giving you the information you request is the fear that I may be thought egotistical in furnishing it. I have, however, overcome my first impressions on that point and concluded to supply you with a simple statement of facts, trusting to your judgment to [so] use them that they will not seem to have been supplied by me for the purpose of self-glorification.

My first recollection of life was a home in a log house with my parents and older children in a new and sparsely settled section of Erie County, New York, some twenty miles distant from the city of Buffalo. This place continued my home constantly until I reached the age of sixteen years, and by the time I was old enough to be of assistance on my father's farm I was constantly engaged with him in the summer season in chopping down the forest trees, clearing up the land, and cultivating that part of the farm that had been prepared for crops.

In the years of my life before I was old enough to be of assistance on the farm my school advantages were extremely limited. My first recollection of school was one taught by a lady in an abandoned blacksmith shop a couple of miles or more from my father's house. For many years after this I was compelled to travel a long distance to reach a school of any kind, and when able to do this it was only for a brief period in summer that such a school was in session. About the time I reached the age of ten or twelve years a school district was organized that included my father's farm and a little school house built near our

home and from that time until I left home, some four or five years later, I had and improved the opportunity of attending a winter school three months each year. This comprised my school advantages prior to the [age] of seventeen years.

The spring after I was sixteen, after long pleading, I induced my father and mother to consent to my leaving home and going to what was then the territory of Wisconsin. After a journey of seven days around the lakes on a propellor I landed at Racine, Wisconsin, with seventy-five cents in my pocket and all of my earthly belongings tied up in a red bandana handkerchief. I soon found employment on a farm and from that time until I reached my majority nearly all of my time in summer was spent in the West, principally in northern Illinois. In winter I usually went back to New York and attended the district school in my father's district three months each winter, with a variation from this of one term of three months in a select private school, and one winter term at Beloit, Wisconsin, in the first days of that school. This comprised my school advantages.

At the age of twenty-one years through the influence of the girl that became my wife I was induced to enter a law office as a student and try to prepare myself for the practice of that profession. I was fortunate enough to find a country practitioner in one of the little villages of Erie County, New York, who took me into his family and allowed me to do chores for my board.

I stayed in his office two years, with the exception of a vacation each year of a month or six weeks which I used to work in the hay and harvest fields to earn a little money to replenish my meager finances, and at the end of this two years at a general term of the Supreme Court of the judicial district in which I read law, I applied for admission to the bar. There were twelve other applicants, so the court had a class of thirteen. Among them were students who had been in a law office five years, none I think who had spent less than three except myself, and few who had spent less than four. Our examination was a severe one lasting through three separate sessions of the court, and conducted by examiners appointed by the court in the presence of the four judges of which the court was composed. Of this class four only of the thirteen applicants were admitted, of which number I was fortunate enough to be one. Nine of the applicants were rejected.

About the time I was admitted to practice the man with whom I read law removed from the little village where I read and I took his office with a secondhand "Digest of New York Reports," a copy of "Kent's Commentaries," and a copy of "Cowen's Treatise" (a work on justice court practice) for my library. After a stay of a year or thereabouts in this place, I removed to what is now the town of Hamburg, some ten or twelve miles from Buffalo, where I remained in practice until I came west. During these years I had built quite a practice for a country lawyer, but had never forgotten my admiration of the West and gladly availed myself of the first opportunity I had to settle here.

Possibly I ought in this connection to say something of my political experience. While in practice at Hamburg I was surprised one day by the return of delegates from an assembly district convention, who told me I had been nominated by the Republican convention of the district for the New York Assembly from that district. It was the first information I had that anyone thought of me in connection with that office. I was elected and served one term. Before the next meeting of the legislature my assembly district was changed so as to give the Democrats the controlling vote in the district and I was defeated at the next election.

This ended my political experience until I was even more surprised while on a return trip from the Pacific Coast to read one day in a morning paper that I had been nominated for governor by the Democrats of Iowa. Each of these nominations came to me wholly unsolicited, and so far [as] the nomination for governor of Iowa was concerned I would gladly have declined it had I felt that it was a moral right of any citizen to decline such an honor that came to him unsolicited. I had, however, no expectation of being elected and was as much surprised by the result as any one in the state. I was glad to receive the approval of my party manifested in a unanimous nomination for a second term, and still more grateful that the people of Iowa were willing to honor me with a second term of that office.

My third nomination was against my own wishes expressed in emphatic terms not only to separate leaders of my party in the state, but published in leading papers of my party throughout the state. When the convention met, however, there were two delegates and two only in that body who openly questioned the propriety of nominating [me] for a third term. With the exception of these two men it appeared to me there was a unanimous demand of the other members of the convention that I should accept the nomination and I felt (whether wisely or not others must judge) that I could not rightfully decline it.

Certain it is that I have always felt that with my second election to the exalted office of governor of my state the people of Iowa had bestowed upon me immeasurably greater honor than I deserved or had any right to expect, and with my election to that office for a second term I was anxious to call my political career in the politics of my own state at least forever closed.

My nomination for Congress in the Third District was not only wholly unsolicited, but it would not have been accepted by me had I not felt that it was necessary to shield my son from criticism because his condition of health, then unknown to the general public, absolutely forbade his acceptance of that nomination.

It is perhaps not improper for me in this connection to mention one other incident in my political experience. President Cleveland, when forming his cabinet for his second term of office, offered me the position of secretary of agriculture in that cabinet. This I declined for the

double reason that its acceptance would compel my resignation as governor of the state and for the further and more controlling reason that I did not believe myself qualified to discharge the duties of that office.

Now, Mr. Edwards, let me say I have written all this very hurriedly. It seems to me the great bulk of it would {be} more appropriate in an obituary notice than it would be in the history of Black Hawk County bar, but having little time to discriminate between what is and what is not fit for use in such a history, I have laid my life bare before you that you may use what you want for your purpose and discard the rest.

Sincerely yours,

H. BOIES.

FESTIVAL AT MOUNT PLEASANT

Owing to the severity of the weather and a press of work, we were not permitted to be present at the Mount Pleasant Plank Road celebration, but we learn from the reports that it passed off quite agreeably and in a manner altogether satisfactory to those who did attend. A very large delegation attended from Burlington and we regret that the weather and the roads did not permit Fairfield to be more numerously represented. Good roads are undoubtedly a great convenience and we congratulate our Mount Pleasant friends on their good fortune in having so convenient an outlet to the river. We hope at an early day to celebrate the completion of the Fairfield and Mount Pleasant Plank Road, and then won't we have a great time! Hurrah for plank roads! They are the very thing.—*The Fairfield Ledger*, December 24, 1851. (In the newspaper collection of the Historical, Memorial and Art Department of Iowa.)

LETTER FROM LIEUTENANT CLARKE OF THE NAVY

In the course of collecting Iowa historical and biographical material we often meet with rare and unusual things. A letter to Lieutenant (retired) Charles A. Clarke brought a most interesting response. Charles Ansyl Clarke was appointed from Fairfield, Iowa, as a cadet in the Naval Academy at Annapolis in July, 1864, and was graduated June 4, 1869. He was promoted to ensign July 12, 1870, to master March 22, 1873, and to lieutenant July 11, 1877. He had an active life as an officer until September 15, 1897, when he was retired. He is still living happily at his home at La Jolla, California, while his friend, Rear Admiral Fletcher, resides at Washington, D. C. The letter is self-explanatory.—Editor.

La Jolla, Cal., Sept. 29, 1914.

My dear Mr. Harlan:

My long delay in replying to your very excellent letter seems like an act of conspicuous discourtesy, but I assure you that such is not the case, and to convince you of this fact I am constrained to enter into a somewhat lengthy explanation, and of course, of a personal nature and of little interest.

Previous to retirement my duties in the naval service led me into all parts of the habitable world, and to many places uninhabitable. In the restricted quarters of my staterooms on board ship, it was impossible to take more than a few of my personal possessions, so having no home of my own in those days, I left chests and trunks scattered around at the different navy yards on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts where my ships fitted out. I also left many things at my mother's home in Fairfield, including two boxes of letters and papers, many of these latter of considerable importance. Since the receipt of your letter I have been in correspondence with my sister, Emma W. Clarke of Fairfeld, and she informs me that all of the letters and papers (documents) were stolen from the barn in which the boxes were stored.

In the twelve years that we have had a home of our own in this village, we have been away ten summers, and the house has been occupied by comparative strangers. Upon the receipt of your letter I began the search for the documents I wished to send you, and which you so courteously expressed a wish to have, but up to this time my search has been without results, and I say this with very sincere regrets.

One of the papers I wished to send you was of very great historical importance, as it was the first official letter ever received by any government from the "Hermit Nation," Corea. I use this term because at that

time (1872) Corea was a vassal of China, paid tribute to that country and was allowed no intercourse whatever with any other country. The way I came into possession of this letter is somewhat curious, and may be of passing interest to you, and I trust you will pardon me for giving some details.

In 1872 our fleet, the Asiatic, went to Chemulpo, Corea, (afterward noted in the war between Russia and Japan) nominally to enquire into the murder of the officers and crew of a United States merchant ship, the General Sherman, but with the real purpose, I believe, of endeavoring to open up the country to civilization. We had on board our flagship, the Colorado, the United States minister to China, Mr. Low, and a staff of Chinese and other interpreters. Our ships anchored off Chemulpo in the mouth of the Salee River, which leads up to the capital, Seoul. We spent several weeks surveying the waters in the vicinity. The natives showed the most determined opposition to our landing at any point—evidently in compliance with instructions from the government.

One day a man was seen coming down from the direction of Seoul. When abreast the ship he drove a stake into the ground, tied a large document to the top and then retired. As I was one of the Admiral's aids, he sent me ashore in his barge with an armed crew to get this letter. It was an official communication from the government, written in the Corean characters, and translated, read, "Men, of what country are you? What is your object in coming here?" After I landed to get the letter, as a matter of precaution I ordered the boat's crew to shove off a short distance from the shore, and to cover the hundreds of approaching natives with their guns. It did not take me long to get the letter and to return with "assumed" dignity to the boat. As I had taken some little risk the Admiral kindly allowed me to keep the original letter after the translation had been made. I afterward had a number of experiences of this sort, but some of them not so agreeable.

Later we took some boats up to survey the Salee River, and one of the forts fired on them, wounding some of our men. This was an act of war. Mr. Low's duties ended. The whole responsibility fell upon the Admiral, John Rodgers. We landed a battalion of over one thousand perfectly drilled men, fought continuously for two days and nights, captured six forts, killed and wounded over two thousand, and then returned to our seven ships. It was estimated that there were over ten thousand Coreans opposed to us, but the poor fellows had no modern arms, for that time, and I have always felt sorry for them, but it was our duty as a "civilized" nation to give them a lesson after they fired on our boats' flag. However, the whole thing was only an incident of a naval officer's career, and it has been long relegated to obscurity.

Now you see, Mr. Harlan, what you have led a garrulous old man into. My regret is that I did not look for the papers before I told Sabin about them.

Iowa has every reason to be very proud of one of her sons. I refer to Admiral Frank Friday Fletcher. Editorials in the great New York dailies mentioned his services in the highest terms, and President Wilson complimented him personally in the White House. I refer, of course, to Admiral Fletcher's exceptionally wise conduct of affairs at Vera Cruz. He has now received the greatest reward that can be given to any naval officer in times of peace, commander-in-chief of the North Atlantic fleet.

Sincerely yours,

CHARLES A. CLARKE, U. S. N.

NEW STEAM MILL AT BLOOMINGTON (NOW MUSCATINE)

Bennett's magnificent steam mill is now up and inclosed. It is 77 feet high in front and 67 in the rear. The chimney is 87 feet high and contains 90 thousand brick. The steam boilers are the finest we recollect ever having seen. Altogether it forms an imposing and splendid structure, built to stand for ages, we should think, and is an ornament to the town. The main building is 85 by 50 feet, and contains over 330,000 brick. The basement is of solid limestone masonry, with the foundation sunk eight feet below the ground floor. The mill is designed to manufacture 300 barrels of flour per day, consuming more than 1400 bushels of wheat daily.

This mill will prevent the shipment of wheat from this point, until it is manufactured into flour—a great saving to the country. This is one exemplification of the utility of this kind of improvement. The concern will employ, constantly, a large laboring force, and prevent the payment of freight upon the offal and save it to be consumed in the town, and country around. The feed it will make for cows, pigs, horses and the like, will be of great utility and usefulness to the citizens. Success attend the enterprise.—The *Bloomington Herald*, Bloomington, Iowa, Saturday, November 18, 1848. (In the newspaper collection of the Historical, Memorial and Art Department.)

ANNALS OF IOWA

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT

OUR OLD AND NEW PUBLIC FUNCTIONS

By final enactment of the Fortieth Extra General Assembly the legal status of our work after the Code of 1924 takes effect is to be determined by the duties of the Curator as therein set out. Staff equipment, support and housing space adequate are implied.

The statute provides that the Historical, Memorial and Art Department shall consist of the historical and art collections, materials gathered for historical research, and the museum and public archives, and that the department shall be under control of a board consisting of the governor, the judges of the Supreme Court, the secretary of state, and the superintendent of public instruction, which board shall have control of the Historical Building and shall appoint the Curator for terms of six years and by two-thirds vote. The duties of the Curator are then set out as follows:

4525. DUTIES OF CURATOR. The curator shall:

1. *Custody of historical building.* Under the direction of the board, be custodian of the historical building and collections therein, and shall keep the rooms assigned to the department and the collections open for inspection by the public during such hours of each day as the board may direct, but the curator shall cause the same to be kept open on Sunday afternoons during the sessions of the general assembly.

2. *Custody, display, and publication of material.* Under the direction of the board, collect, preserve, organize, arrange, and classify works of art, books, maps, charts, public documents, manuscripts, newspapers, and other objects and materials illustrative of the natural and political history of the territory and state and of the central west, and of the traditions and history of the Indian tribes and prior occupants of the region, and publish such matter and display such material as may be of value and interest to the public.

3. *Collection of memorials and mementoes.* With the approval of the board, collect memorials and mementoes of the pioneers of Iowa and the soldiers of all our wars, including portraits, specimens of arms,

clothing, army letters, commissions of officers, and other military papers and documents.

4. *Ethnology and archaeology.* Receive and arrange in cases, objects illustrative of the ethnology and prehistoric archaeology of this and surrounding states.

5. *Inventory of property.* As soon as practicable, prepare a classified index and inventory of all the property belonging to the department or in its custody, and determine through the aid of experts the money value thereof, so far as practicable, and when done a summary of the same shall be included in his biennial report, and thereafter such reports shall set forth all additions thereto with their money value, if any, and give a list of items lost or dropped from the collections. His report shall also contain a separate statement of materials obtained by gift and by purchase during each biennium.

6. *Subscription for newspapers.* Subscribe for and preserve files of at least two newspapers of each county in the state containing the official publications, and cause the same to be bound at the end of each four-year period.

7. *Custodian of works of art.* Except as otherwise specifically provided, be custodian of and care for and preserve the monuments, memorials, and works of art on the grounds and in the buildings at the seat of government, and report from time to time to the proper officer or board the condition and his recommendations in respect thereto.

8. *Report to governor.* Report to the governor biennially all collections made and the progress and condition of the department under his charge, and such other matters as he may deem of value in maintaining and building up the department.

9. *Report to board.* Report to the board semiannually or oftener as required, all matters pertaining to the condition of the department.

10. *Other duties.* Perform such other duties as may be imposed upon him by law or prescribed by the rules of the board.

4526. *GIFTS.* The curator is hereby authorized and empowered, as trustee for the state, to accept gifts of property, real, personal, or mixed, for the benefit or endowment of the historical, memorial, and art department, or for the commemoration of the lives of worthy citizens, or for the purpose of perpetuating records of historic events, or for scientific purposes. Any gift accepted shall be immediately reported to the board of trustees; but any gift imposing unusual monetary obligations on the department shall be approved by the board before acceptance.

4527. *INVESTMENTS.* The curator and the board of trustees shall have authority and power to invest, in accordance with the provisions of the trust, any such gifts or endowments, and establish and enforce rules for the purpose of governing and maintaining such endowments or memorials as may be created or established under and pursuant to the preceding section.

4528. **ARCHIVES.** The curator shall be the trustee and custodian of the archives of Iowa and of such county and municipal archives as are voluntarily deposited. The term "archives" shall mean those manuscripts and materials originating under or passing through the hands of public officials in the regular course and performance of their duties, over ten years old, and not in current use; but the executive council shall have power and authority to order the transfer of such archives or any part thereof at any time prior to the expiration of the ten years, or cause them to be retained in the respective offices beyond such limit if in its judgment the public interests or convenience shall require it.

4529. **RECORDS DELIVERED.** The several state, executive, and administrative departments, officers or offices, councils, boards, bureaus, and commissioners, are hereby authorized and directed to transfer and deliver to the historical, memorial, and art department such of the public archives as are designated in the preceding section, except such as in the judgment of the executive council should be retained longer in the respective offices, and the curator is authorized to receive the same.

4530. **REMOVAL OF ORIGINAL.** After any public archives have been received into the division of public archives by the curator, they shall not be removed from the custody without his consent, except in obedience to a subpoena of a court of record or a written order of the officer from whose office they were received.

4531. **CERTIFIED COPIES—FEES.** Upon request of any person, the curator shall make a certified copy of any document contained in said archives, and when such copy is properly authenticated by him it shall have the same legal effect as though certified by the officer from whose office it was obtained or by the secretary of state. Said curator shall charge and collect for such copies the fees allowed by law to the official in whose office the document originates for such certified copies, and all such fees shall be turned into the state treasury.

A LETTER FROM GENERAL BEAUREGARD

Mrs. Viola Soule Cooke of Des Moines recently loaned to the Historical Department a letter from the noted Confederate leader, General Beauregard, written just after the First Battle of Bull Run and dated August 10, 1861, and directed to the widow of the former president of the United States, John Tyler. We present in connection with this article a photographic reproduction of this letter.

Mrs. Cooke, who is the widow of the late Colonel John B. Cooke of Carroll, Iowa, tells us this rare and interesting document was sent sometime during the Civil War by Colonel Cooke

Manassas Va. August 10th 1861

Dear Madam.

I beg to present you my
kind thanks for the welcome pre-
sent you have sent me, & which
has but this day been received -

I accept also for those who doggedly
executed my order on the 21st
past - the compliments you have
been kind enough to address me
relative to our victory of that
day. I hope for the sake of
our cause & the interests we have
at stake that whenever & wherever
we meet with our ruthless in-
vaders they will always meet
with the same terrible retribu-
tion - With much respect,

I remain Your most Obedt. Servant

G. J. Beauregard

Mrs. Gen. President Tyler

Shenandoah Forest -

Charlottesville County - Va. -

to his mother. Many years afterward she returned it to Colonel Cooke, and ever since then it has been in the keeping of either Colonel or Mrs. Cooke.

General P. G. T. Beauregard, the author of this letter, was actively in command of the Confederates at the Battle of Manassas, or First Battle of Bull Run, and at the time of writing the letter, August 10, 1861, was still in command, with headquarters at Manassas, Virginia. He had been graduated from the Military Academy at West Point in 1838, was promoted to major at the close of the Mexican War in which he distinguished himself, and was appointed superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point on November 20, 1860. A few days after he took charge of West Point the secretary of war transferred him back to New Orleans, his station before his appointment to West Point. In February, 1861, he resigned his commission in the United States Army and entered the service of the Confederacy as a brigadier-general. He was in command of the Confederates at Charleston during the assault on Fort Sumpter, which was evacuated April 14, 1861. On June 1, 1861, he was placed in command of the Confederate forces at Manassas, under General Lee, commander-in-chief. On July 18 there was skirmishing. General Joseph E. Johnston, arriving with re-enforcements, and being the ranking officer, declined to assume command over General Beauregard who had matured the plans. On July 21 occurred the battle known as the First Battle of Bull Run, so disastrous to the Union forces, and Beauregard emerged as the Confederate hero of the hour. It was less than three weeks after this that he wrote the letter to Mrs. Tyler.

John Tyler of Virginia had been a representative in Congress, governor of the state, United States senator, and president pro tem of the Senate, when in 1840 he was elected on the Whig ticket as vice-president of the United States, and became president on April 6, 1841, on the death of President Harrison. The first Mrs. Tyler died in 1842. On February 24, 1844, President Tyler and several cabinet officers and guests were aboard the naval vessel Princeton on a pleasure trip down the Potomac. Among the guests were David Gardiner of New York and his daughter, Miss Julia Gardiner. A new gun on board which was being demonstrated exploded, killing Secretary of State Upshur,

Secretary of Navy Gilmer, and several guests, among them Mr. Gardiner. The boat returned to Washington and the body of Mr. Gardiner was taken to the White House. Because of this tragedy, which deeply affected the president, an attachment developed between him and Miss Gardiner and they were married the following June 26. On retiring from the presidency in March, 1845, President and Mrs. Tyler went to his home at Sherwood Forest on the banks of the James River, three miles from Greenway, Charles City County, Virginia. President Tyler lived for several years in honored retirement. In January, 1861, he was elected to the Virginia State Convention called to consider secession. In order to preserve the Union he proposed a peace conference of the states, which met at Washington, and he presided over the distinguished body. When it became evident war could not be averted, he voted in the Virginia Convention for secession. He was elected a member of the Confederate House of Representatives, but died January 18, 1862, before he could take his seat. Mrs. Tyler continued to live at Sherwood Forest, as indicated by the Beauregard letter. After the war ended she resided for a time with her mother on Staten Island, but after several years, removed to Richmond, Virginia, where she died July 10, 1889.

The remaining character brought to our attention by the discovery of this fine old historic document is Colonel John B. Cooke who was for many years a citizen of our state. He was born at Willimantic, Connecticut, December 30, 1839, and was the son of a Baptist minister. When John B. was thirteen years old the father died and he became the principal support of the family. He entered business for himself at Lewiston, Maine, and on April 19, 1861, enlisted in Company K, First Maine Infantry. He was elected third lieutenant, but the Federal Army organization not including third lieutenant, he was mustered in as a private, but was later promoted to first sergeant. On August 10, 1861, he enlisted as a private in Company K, Seventh Maine Infantry, and was elected second lieutenant. On December 25, 1861, he was promoted to first lieutenant, and on January 24, 1862, to captain of Company I of the same regiment. He participated in the Siege of Yorktown, and the battles of Williamsburg, Mechanicsville, Fair Oaks, Second Bull Run, Antietam,

Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, and numerous other engagements. On January 1, 1864, he was appointed major of the Twenty-second United States Colored Troops, was with Kilpatrick around Richmond, was in many engagements, participated in the Siege of Petersburg, and commanded his regiment when it charged Clingman's left flank and, colors in hand, drove in the Confederate line. On September 30, 1864, he was promoted to lieutenant-colonel for gallantry and assigned to the Fifth United States Colored Troops. On September 26, 1865, he was promoted to colonel of this regiment. Colonel Cooke was severely wounded in the right leg during the Battle of Antietam, and in the charge on Clingman was wounded in the right side and the right arm. He was mustered out October 8, 1865, with the regiment at Columbus, Ohio.

After the war Colonel Cooke, believing there was an opportunity in the South for Northern men to aid in the reorganization and development of that section, located at Selma, North Carolina, secured a plantation and for several years manufactured tar, pitch, and resin from pine forests, to his financial success. He was a member of the North Carolina State Senate in 1868, 1869, and 1870 with Judge Albion W. Tourgee. He became discouraged in the effort to live among a people who were so bitter in their defeat and returned to the North.

In 1872 he removed to Carroll, Iowa, and for several years conducted an extensive agricultural machinery business. He joined the Iowa National Guard and became captain of Company E, First Regiment. He helped organize the J. C. Davis Post, Grand Army of the Republic, at Carroll, and was its first commander. In 1883 he was elected commander of the Department of Iowa, G. A. R. He never entirely recovered from his army wounds. His right arm was practically useless. He died in Chicago, October 15, 1892, and was buried at Carroll.

NOTABLE DEATHS

JAMES RUSH LINCOLN was born in Frederick County, Maryland, February 3, 1845, and died at Ames, Iowa, August 4, 1922. His parents were Thomas Blodget Lincoln and Sophie Julia (Ash) Lincoln. His father was one of the original directors of the Southern Pacific Railroad. James Rush Lincoln attended Loudon Military Academy of Maryland, the Virginia Military Institute, and the Pennsylvania Military College. He enlisted in J. E. B. Stuart's cavalry of the Confederate Army, was on staff duty in the Battle of Gettysburg, and was with Lee's Army when it surrendered at Appomattox. After the war he spent two years in Virginia and in 1868 removed to Boone, Iowa, where he served for a time as secretary of a coal company, then as deputy county treasurer. On May 27, 1876, he was commissioned captain of Company F, Third Regiment, Iowa National Guard. In 1879 he was commissioned major of the Eighth Regiment and in 1880 lieutenant-colonel of the Eighth, which position he resigned in 1881. In October, 1883, he removed to Ames and took charge of the Military Department of the Iowa State College, continuing until his death. In addition he had charge of the steward's department, but resigned that in 1892. He taught in the Engineering Department for a time, but his great work was military training. Renewing his connection with the Iowa National Guard he was commissioned captain of Company A, First Regiment, in 1882, and of Company D, same regiment, in 1884. In 1890 he was commissioned lieutenant-colonel and aid-de-camp to Governor Boies. Other appointments following were chief of engineers, chief signal officer, and inspector-general. At the beginning of the Spanish-American War he mobilized the Iowa troops for the front. President McKinley appointed him brigadier-general and he commanded a brigade in the Fourth Corps, later a brigade in the Second Corps, and subsequently the Second Division of the Second Corps. He was mustered out March 16, 1899, and returned to Ames. On the reorganization of the Iowa National Guard he took command of the Fifty-first Regiment, and later of the Fifty-fifth. In 1908 he was made brigadier-general in the Iowa National Guard, and was in command of the First Iowa Brigade. He remained brigadier-general until he retired January 1, 1914, on account of age. During the World War he was commissioned major and assigned charge of the S. A. T. C. at Ames. He was thus a veteran of three wars. He was president of the Iowa State Society of the Sons of the American Revolution in 1906-7.

ALBERT WINFIELD SWALM was born at Womelsdorf, Berks County, Pennsylvania, November 30, 1845, and died at the consular residence at Hamilton, Bermuda Islands, August 24, 1922. Burial was in Woodland

Cemetery, Des Moines, Iowa. He came with his parents to Oskaloosa in 1855 and in 1859 commenced to learn the printing trade in the *Times* office, but soon thereafter changed to the *Herald*. In 1862 he sought to enlist, but was rejected because of his youth and slight frame, but November 9, 1863, was accepted and enrolled in Company D, Thirty-third Iowa Infantry, and was mustered out August 15, 1865, at Houston, Texas. Soon after returning home he removed to Indianola where he worked at the printer's trade. In 1868 he accepted the position of city editor of the *Daily State Register*, Des Moines. In 1870 he founded the *Grand Junction Headlight*. In 1871 he purchased the *Jefferson Bee*. During the legislative sessions of 1872 and 1873 he served as postmaster of the General Assembly. On October 1, 1872, he was married to Miss Pauline Given of Des Moines, then an associate editor of the *Daily State Register*. June 4, 1874, he purchased the *Fort Dodge Messenger*, in which Mrs. Swalm assisted in the editorial and business management. In 1875 he was secretary of the commission to treat with the Sioux Indians and in 1876 was a member of the commission to appraise the Pawnee Indian reservation. Ill health which dated from exposure in camp and field caused him to sell the *Messenger* June 4, 1877. He and Mrs. Swalm spent the summer on the western plains but in October left for Europe. They spent the following two years in England and on the Continent. In 1881 he purchased the *Oskaloosa Herald* and with Mrs. Swalm owned and edited it until 1897. He was postmaster at Oskaloosa from 1888 to 1892. He was actively identified with local affairs at Oskaloosa, being a member of the Board of Education, secretary of the Mahaska County Old Settlers' Association, and was president of the Oskaloosa Board of Trade. In 1885 he was president of the Iowa Press Association. In 1886 he was elected major of the Third Regiment, Iowa National Guard, and the following year was elected lieutenant-colonel. In 1896 he was president of the State Society, Sons of the American Revolution. He was influential in the affairs of the Republican party and was a close adviser and friend of Congressman Lacey in his earlier campaigns. In 1897 he was appointed consul at Montevideo, Uruguay, and in 1903 was transferred to the consulate at Southampton, England. During the World War he there rendered conspicuous service to the allied cause. His health being broken by arduous labors, he was transferred in 1919 to the consulate at Hamilton, Bermuda Islands. Through his life, which was full of varied activities, shone ardent patriotism and kindly desire to be helpful to others.

ELLA ADALINE (HAMILTON) DURLEY was born at Harrisville, Pennsylvania, in 1852 and died in Los Angeles, California, August 14, 1922. She came with her parents, William and Catharine (Logan) Hamilton, when they removed to Davis County, Iowa, in 1866. She was graduated from the State University of Iowa in 1878, taught two years in Waterloo East High School, was abroad in Germany and Italy one year, was on

the lecture platform a year, received her Master's degree from the State University of Iowa in 1882, taught a year in East High School, Des Moines, reported the Iowa General Assembly in 1884 for a string of Iowa newspapers, took up a homestead in the same year in Faulk County, South Dakota, and there met Preston B. Durley, to whom she was married two years later. From 1884 to 1888 she was a member of the State Board of Educational Examiners. In 1886 she entered actively on newspaper work in Des Moines which extended over a period of twenty-five years. She did noteworthy work on the *Des Moines Saturday Mail*, and when her husband and her brother, John J. Hamilton, were principal owners of the *Des Moines Daily News* she conducted the department, "Around the Evening Lamp," writing over the pen name, "Judith Jorgenson." Later she was editor of the *Homemaker Magazine*, and still later was associate editor of the *National Daily Review* of Chicago. She wrote two novels, "My Soldier Lady" and "The Standpatter." To her, perhaps, more than to any other person belongs the credit of founding the Home for the Aged in Des Moines. She was president of the Des Moines Women's Club in 1891-2 and was president of the City Federation of Women's Clubs in 1899-1900. She was president of the Women's Press Club in 1898-9 which was enlarged into the Iowa Press and Authors' Club, and her home was the meeting place of the club for years. In 1911 she removed to Los Angeles after which time she was active in club, literary, and patriotic work. In the initial stages of Charles Aldrich's founding of the Historical Department of Iowa, Mrs. Durley rendered loyal and indispensable service.

JAMES C. SANDERS was born on a farm near Vinton, Iowa, January 23, 1865, and died at a hospital in Omaha, Nebraska, July 12, 1922. Burial was at Avoca, Iowa. He was graduated from Vinton High School in 1881. He attended school at Coe College and at the State University of Iowa, and taught at different places, including Traer in 1893 and 1894. In 1895 he was graduated from the State Teachers College at Cedar Falls, and later from Leander Clark College at Toledo. He taught at Rockford and other places and had been teaching for four years at West Union when on April 1, 1908, he went to Fort Madison as warden of the State Penitentiary, remaining as such until he resigned September 1, 1918. Then for over a year he taught in East Des Moines High School and from 1919 until his death he was superintendent of schools at Avoca. He achieved distinction in the state and to some extent in the United States as a liberal and progressive in prison management, by the changes he introduced in the institution over which he presided, and by the lectures he delivered from Chautauqua platforms and elsewhere. He was a natural entertainer, bighearted, generous, kind, sympathetic, and strong, with a desire to be helpful to those needing help. He also won success as an educator.

ALBERT HEAD was born in Highland County, Ohio, November 25, 1838, and died in Des Moines, Iowa, October 18, 1922. Burial was at Jefferson, Greene County. His father was William Head. Traveling in a covered wagon he came with his parents to Poweshiek County, Iowa, in 1855, where they settled on a farm. He taught country school the winter of 1857-8 and then entered on the study of law with M. E. Cutts at Montezuma, was admitted to the bar at Montezuma in 1859, and for the following two years practiced there. He also co-operated with F. S. Cooper in publishing the *Montezuma Republican*. He assisted in raising Company F, Tenth Iowa Infantry, and was elected its captain, being mustered in December 7, 1861. He was slightly wounded at Corinth, Mississippi, October 4, 1861, and severely wounded at Vicksburg May 22, 1863. On recovery he was made assistant adjutant-general, serving on the staffs of Generals Mathias, McPherson, and Raun. He was mustered out December 17, 1864. Soon thereafter he removed to Jefferson, Greene County, and opened a law office. About this time he assisted John I. Blair in securing the right of way for the Chicago & Northwestern Railway across Greene County. He associated himself with his brother, Mahlon Head, in banking at Jefferson, under the firm name of Head Brothers. His business rapidly increased and he became interested in several banks in Greene and adjacent counties. He became the owner of some 6,000 acres of Greene County land, which he developed into farms, and was eventually rated as a millionaire. He was mayor of Jefferson at different times. In 1883 he was elected representative and was re-elected in 1885, 1887, and 1889, serving in the Twentieth, Twenty-first, Twenty-second, and Twenty-third general assemblies, and was speaker of the House in the Twenty-first. In 1891 he was president of the State Agricultural Society. In 1898 he purchased the Iowa Hotel, Des Moines, and for several years before his death, made that his home.

WILLIAM GORDON SEARS was born at Winslow, Illinois, November 19, 1854, and died at the home of a sister at Toledo, Iowa, July 10, 1922. Burial was at Toledo. He came with his parents, Silas and Fidelia Waite Sears, to a farm in Tama County, Iowa, in 1865. In 1871 he entered Iowa State College at Ames and supported himself while securing his education by working on farms and by teaching country schools. In 1880 he was graduated from the Law Department of the State University of Iowa and for a year practiced law at Stanton, Nebraska. In 1881 he returned to Tama County and became a member of the law firm of Merritt & Sears, and practiced there until 1885 when he removed to Sioux City, joining the firm of Lutz & Sears. In 1904 he was elected mayor of Sioux City, and was twice re-elected, serving until 1910. In 1915 he was elected a judge of the Fourth Judicial District, was re-elected four years later and was serving in that office at the time of his death.

WILLIAM H. NORRIS was born in Stoneham, Middlesex County, Massachusetts, February 3, 1857, and died at Manchester, Iowa, August 20, 1922. He was brought by his parents in their removal to Linn County, Iowa, in 1861, where they located on a farm. He attended public school, taught country school and attended Cornell College at intervals, took a course in a business college in Davenport, and in 1882 was graduated from the Law Department of the State University of Iowa. The same year he commenced the practice of law at Manchester. The next year he formed a partnership with A. S. Blair. In 1888 George W. Dunham joined the firm, which then became Blair, Dunham & Norris. In 1894 when Mr. Blair went on the district bench the firm became Dunham, Norris & Stiles, which continued until 1912 when Mr. Dunham went on the bench. Mr. Norris was a delegate to the Republican National Convention of 1884. In 1891 he was elected representative and served in the Twenty-fourth General Assembly, taking high rank for a one-term member. He was chairman of the Appropriations Committee, a member of the Judiciary and other committees, and in the closing days of the session was chairman of the Sifting Committee. He introduced the Australian ballot bill, which passed the House, but a similar bill having passed the Senate, the latter was finally substituted and became the law. In later years he gave his attention principally to banking, was president of the Security State Bank of Manchester, and was active in the management of banks in several near by towns. He was very prominent in the Masonic order and had been active in other fraternal organizations.

FRANK FREMONT DAWLEY was born at Fort Dodge, Iowa, August 11, 1856, and died at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, September 10, 1922. His parents were A. M. and Ellen Parker Dawley. He attended public school at Fort Dodge and was graduated from the Law Department of Michigan University in 1878. He at once entered the law office of Hubbard, Clark & Deacon at Cedar Rapids. Two years later he was taken into partnership with N. M. Hubbard and Charles A. Clark, the firm being Hubbard, Clark & Dawley. During the following thirty-five years, besides Judge Hubbard and Captain Clark, he was associated as a partner at times with Charles E. Wheeler, Carl F. Jordan, and F. J. Dawley. He was city solicitor of Cedar Rapids in 1914-1916. In 1917 when the General Assembly provided for another judge for his district, the Eighteenth, Governor Harding appointed him to that position, and in 1918 he was elected and in 1922 was renominated without opposition. He was eminently successful as a lawyer and notable as a jurist. At different times the members of the bar of his district endorsed him for the State Supreme Court. In 1915 he was honored with the presidency of the State Bar Association. For several years he was a member of the Cedar Rapids School Board. Few men not professionally literary are so familiar with literature as he was. For many years he was a member of the Cedar

Rapids Library Board and in 1901 was president of the Iowa Library Association. He drafted the bill that was with few changes passed in 1900 creating the Iowa Library Commission, and from then until his last illness was its legal adviser.

ROBERT SLOAN was born in Columbiana County, Ohio, October 21, 1835, and died at Keosauqua, Iowa, June 5, 1922. His earliest education was obtained in a school in New Lisbon where Mark Hanna was one of his schoolmates. In 1853 he came with his parents when they migrated by boat to Keokuk, and partly by boat and partly on foot to where they purchased a farm across the Des Moines River from Iowa-ville, which farm is still in the possession of the Sloan family. The time from 1853 to 1860 was spent by Robert working on the farm, in teaching school, and in mercantile employment. In April, 1860, he began reading law at Keosauqua, and in March, 1861, he was admitted to practice. On June 1 of that year he became a member of the firm of Webster & Sloan. Mr. Webster removed to Nevada in 1864 and Mr. Sloan then joined the firm of Rankin & McCrary of Keokuk, he caring for the business at Keosauqua. In 1869 he was elected judge of the Circuit Court and served until 1880, when he again entered practice, becoming the senior member of the firm of Sloan, Work & Brown. In 1895 he was elected a judge of the District Court of the Second Judicial District, and served until 1906. He then formed a partnership with his son, Hugh B. Sloan, which continued until his death. He served as master in chancery in 1911 in the trial of the noted Des Moines gas case, then pending in Federal Court, as well as in a number of other cases referred to him at different times. He was distinguished throughout Iowa for his strong and lucid opinions.

GEORGE W. KOONTZ was born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, March 20, 1843, and died at Iowa City, Iowa, June 30, 1922. He removed to Iowa City in 1855 and attended common school and high school there. He was elected clerk of the District Court of Johnson County in 1874, was re-elected in 1876, and again in 1878. In 1883 he was elected county auditor and was re-elected in 1885. In 1884 he was admitted to the bar. On the death of Representative Joe A. Edwards in the summer of 1898, Mr. Koontz was elected to fill the vacancy in the Twenty-seventh General Assembly, but as no extra session of that assembly was convened he did not sit as a member. However, the next year he was elected representative in the Twenty-eighth General Assembly and was regularly re-elected to the seven succeeding assemblies, his last service being in the Thirty-fifth. Thus for eight consecutive assemblies, or sixteen years, he served as representative, exceeding by two assemblies the service of any other man as representative in the history of the state. He was a Democrat in politics, was the leader of his party in the House for several sessions, and always held important

committee appointments. The State University was indebted to him for loyal service. From 1911 to 1916 he was mayor of Iowa City. In 1918 he was Democratic candidate for state railroad commissioner. For several years he was president of the Citizens Savings Bank of Iowa City. He was also at various times school treasurer, city treasurer, and justice of the peace.

JOHN WATSON ROWLEY was born at New Garden, Columbiana County, Ohio, July 23, 1846, and died at Keosauqua, Iowa, September 7, 1921. His parents were Theodore B. and Emeline Rowley. He came with them in 1854 in their removal to a farm near Utica, Van Buren County, Iowa. Most of the time between 1866 and 1875 he taught school. In 1875 he was elected county superintendent of Van Buren County and served four years. In 1879 he removed to Keosauqua, purchased a half interest in the *Keosauqua Republican*, became its editor and continued as such until his death, a period of over forty years. During that time he had two partners, Joshua Sloan from 1879 to 1895, and John H. Landes from 1895 during the remainder of his editorship. In 1880 he was supervisor of census for the First District, and had the unique distinction of holding that position four consecutive times, namely 1880, 1890, 1900, and 1910. From 1882 to 1886 he was a member of the State Board of Educational Examiners, most of the time its secretary. In 1914 he was a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor, made his campaign in opposition to the extension of the State Capitol grounds, and received 19,363 votes while George W. Clarke received 86,141. In 1916 he was elected representative and served in the Thirty-seventh General Assembly. He was a man of marked ability, of the old-time school of editor, and a very conservative citizen. He neither asked nor gave quarter in affairs that he espoused in personal or public character. He was in every way that which he made the motto of his paper, "Radical Republican; Neutral in Nothing."

WILLIAM THEOPHILUS was born in Carmarthenshire, Wales, August 6, 1858, and died in Davenport, Iowa, November 23, 1922. His parents were Daniel and Margaret (Williams) Theophilus. He was with his parents in their migration to a farm near Lime Springs, Howard County, Iowa, in 1868. He attended public school and taught several terms in the vicinity of his home. In 1882 he was elected clerk of the District Court of Howard County, and was re-elected in 1884. In 1886 he was Democratic candidate for clerk of the Supreme Court of Iowa. In 1887 he was elected representative and served in the Twenty-second General Assembly. In 1889 he removed to Arkansas City, Kansas. He had been reading law for some years, was admitted to the bar in Kansas, and soon thereafter was elected city attorney for Arkansas City and had charge of important litigation. He removed to Davenport, Iowa, in 1894 and the next year formed a partnership for the practice of law

with George W. Scott, as Scott & Theophilus. In 1899 Mr. Theophilus was elected representative from Scott County and served in the Twenty-eighth General Assembly. In 1905 B. I. Salinger joined the firm, the firm name becoming Salinger, Scott & Theophilus. In 1910 he was elected district judge, and was twice re-elected, serving nearly twelve years. In 1916 he polled a large vote as a candidate for justice of the Supreme Court of Iowa on the non-partisan ticket when Horace E. Deemer and William D. Evans were re-elected.

ALONZO J. BARKLEY was born in Linn County, Iowa, March 27, 1842, and died at Boone, Iowa, December 19, 1922. His parents were James Newton and Lydia Hobson Barkley. In 1852 the family removed to a farm about eight miles from Boonesboro. August 11, 1862, he enlisted in Company D, Thirty-second Iowa Infantry. At the battle of Pleasant Hill, Louisiana, April 9, 1864, he was wounded and captured, was paroled July 1, 1864, and mustered out at Clinton, Iowa, August 24, 1865. That fall he entered Cornell College, Mount Vernon, but owing to his father's death it was only possible for him to remain there one year, when he returned home. The fall of 1866 he was elected county recorder and served four years in that position, receiving a training that made him an expert abstracter, which business he followed on leaving the recorder's office. In 1884 he helped organize the Boone County Bank, in 1889 became its president and retained its active management until he retired from business in 1911. In 1899 he was elected representative and was re-elected two years later, serving in the Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth general assemblies. He was a trustee of Cornell College for ten years, was a prominent lay member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was active in the Grand Army of the Republic and in the Masonic order.

JAMES ELERICK was born in Belmont County, Ohio, April 6, 1836, and died at Monrovia, California, August 7, 1922. Final interment was in the Zion Lutheran cemetery near Douds, his boyhood home in Van Buren County, Iowa. In 1849 he came with his parents in their removal to a farm in the northwest part of Van Buren County. He was employed by a milling company previous to the Civil War and, being temporarily in Illinois working for that company, enlisted July 17, 1861, in Company A, Fifty-ninth Illinois Infantry. In December, 1862, he was promoted to captain of that company. He served until December 25, 1865, when he received his discharge. He then located in Douds. In 1881 he was elected representative and served in the Nineteenth General Assembly. In 1889 he was elected sheriff of Van Buren County, and was re-elected two years later, serving four years. In 1903 he was elected senator and served in the Thirtieth, Thirty-first, and Thirty-second general assemblies. The past few years he had resided in southern California.

PATRICK B. WOLFE was born in Chicago, Illinois, October 7, 1848, and died at Clinton, Iowa, June 11, 1922. His parents were John and Honora (Buckley) Wolfe. The family lived for some time at Ottawa, Illinois, but removed to Lost Nation, Clinton County, Iowa, in 1854. Young Patrick attended common school and the Academy of Christian Brothers at La Salle, Illinois. He then took an academic course of two years at the State University of Iowa, and was graduated from the Law Department of the University in 1870. In 1871 he commenced the practice of law at Dewitt. From 1877 to 1880 he was corporation counsel for the town of Dewitt. In 1885 he was elected senator and was re-elected in 1889, serving in the Twenty-first, Twenty-second, and Twenty-third general assemblies. He resigned as senator in 1891 and on November 10 of that year Governor Boies appointed him judge of the Seventh Judicial District to fill a vacancy caused by the resignation of Judge Andrew Howat. By election he served in this position until August 31, 1904, when he resigned and formed a partnership with his son, John L. Wolfe, for the practice of law in Clinton, to which city he had removed in 1893. In 1910 he was an unsuccessful candidate on the Democratic ticket for judge of the Supreme Court of Iowa.

ABRAM PEARSON was born near where now stands Kansas City, Kansas, July 15, 1837, and died in Washington County, Iowa, September 20, 1922. His parents were Moses and Sarah Pearson of Miami County, Ohio. They were Friends (Quakers) and at the time of their son's birth were doing missionary work among the Indians. In 1838 they returned to their home in Ohio. Abram attended Friends' school and was two years at Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio, after which he taught school until 1862. He then removed to Kokomo, Indiana, and in 1863 to Jackson Township, Washington County, Iowa, where he settled on a farm on which he continued to reside the remainder of his life. He was a progressive and successful farmer and stockman and accumulated considerable property. He took an active part in public affairs and was secretary of his local school board for forty years. In 1879 he was elected representative and was re-elected two years later, serving in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth general assemblies. He retained his early religious beliefs, but there being no Friends' church near, he affiliated with the Presbyterian church, and was teacher of a Bible class thirty-two years.

STEPHEN AMBROSE BEACH was born at Summer Hill, New York, September 15, 1860, and died at Ames, Iowa, November 21, 1922. He was educated in public school, at Ann Arbor, and at Iowa State College, Ames, being graduated from the latter in 1887 with the degree of B. S., and in 1892 with that of M. S. For three years he was connected with a commercial nursery. In 1890 he became professor of horticulture at the Texas Agricultural College. In 1891 he became horticulturist of the

Geneva, New York, Agricultural Experiment Station. He came to Ames in 1905 as horticulturist of the Iowa Agricultural Experiment Station, and professor of horticulture, and a little later was made vice-dean of agriculture. At the time of his death he was president of the Iowa State Horticultural Society. He was the author of many publications, the most important being "Apples of New York." He was an excellent teacher, a fine experimenter, and left his impress for good on the student body and on the horticulturists of Iowa.—L. H. Pammel.

JOSEPH COOPER LOCKLIN was born at Brandon, Wisconsin, November 3, 1853, and died at Aurelia, Cherokee County, Iowa, October 16, 1922. He was educated in common school, assumed the vocation of teacher, removed to Cherokee County, Iowa, in 1876, and in 1878 began farming. He followed this until 1895 when he removed to Aurelia and engaged in the grain business in which he remained ten years. In 1905 he entered the real estate, loan, and insurance business. For forty years he was secretary of the Maple Valley Mutual Insurance Association. In 1900 he was a lay delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He was a trustee of Morningside College for several years and was secretary and treasurer of the endowment fund. In 1887 he was elected representative and served in the Twenty-second General Assembly. He was again elected in 1918 and re-elected in 1920, serving in the Thirty-eighth and Thirty-ninth general assemblies. He was mayor of Aurelia four years and a member of the school board twenty-five years.

NATHAN MARSH PUSEY was born in Washington County, Pennsylvania, June 21, 1841, and died at Council Bluffs, Iowa, October 9, 1922. In 1849 the family removed to Baltimore, Maryland, where he was educated in a private school. He studied law under Cochran & Stockbridge of Baltimore, was admitted to the bar in Maryland in 1864, and practiced in Baltimore until 1877. He then removed to Council Bluffs and entered the practice there. In 1882 he formed a partnership with Colonel W. F. Sapp, as Sapp & Pusey, which continued until Colonel Sapp's death in 1892, after which he practiced alone. For a period of some twenty years he was considered one of the ablest lawyers of western Iowa. In 1895 he was elected senator and served in the Twenty-sixth, Twenty-sixth Extra, and Twenty-seventh general assemblies.

MAURICE D. O'CONNELL was born at Constable, Franklin County, New York, April 23, 1839, and died at Washington, D. C., August 26, 1922. Burial was at Fort Dodge, Iowa. He was educated at Franklin Academy, Malone, New York, and at Columbian (now George Washington) University, Washington, D. C., being graduated from the latter in 1866. For some years in his early life he had a position under the United States comptroller of the Treasury at Washington, and became chief of

a division in that department. In 1868-9 he was an employe in the First National Bank of San Antonio, Texas, but in 1869 removed to Fort Dodge, Iowa, and engaged in the practice of law. On November 5, 1872, he was elected district attorney for the Eleventh Judicial District to fill a vacancy caused by the resignation of John H. Bradley, and on October 13, 1874, was re-elected for a full term of four years. He served as district attorney for the Northern District of Iowa in 1883-5, and again in 1889-93. From 1897 to 1905 he was solicitor of the United States Treasury. He was an efficient public officer and a political orator of reputation.

JOHN WILLIAM BISSELL was born at Prescott, Canada, August 4, 1843, and died at Clearwater, Florida, August 23, 1922. On May 18, 1923, the body was conveyed to Fayette, Iowa, and interred there. His parents were John and Rebecca Bissell. He was educated at Rock River Seminary and at Northwestern University, being graduated from the latter in 1867. He taught Latin and Greek in Northern Indiana College and later in Brookston Academy. In 1872 he went to Upper Iowa University as an instructor and in 1874 became its president, and continued in that position until 1899. He then went to Charles City as pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church for one year, and was pastor of Grace Church, Waterloo, in 1902-4. He was district superintendent of the Cedar Falls (now the Waterloo) District in 1904-10. From 1910 to 1919 he devoted his time to raising endowment for retired ministers. He was a member of the General Conference of his church in 1884. During a few of the later years of his life he resided in Florida.

HERVEY J. VAIL was born in Belmont County, Ohio, November 22, 1845, and died at Pasadena, California, November 29, 1922. He came with his parents in their removal to Coal Creek, Keokuk County, Iowa, in 1864. He followed farming, but in 1871 entered the newspaper publishing business at Wilton Junction, Muscatine County, purchasing the *Wilton Chronicle*. In 1873 he founded the *New Sharon Star*. In 1884 he was a presidential elector on the Blaine ticket. In 1886 he sold the *Star* and removed to Pasadena, where he established the *Pasadena Star* as a weekly, later changing it to a daily. In 1896 he returned to Iowa and bought back the *New Sharon Star*, which he conducted until 1911, when he retired and returned to Pasadena. He was postmaster at New Sharon for a time during President Hayes's administration, and again after his return from California. He was a writer of force and brilliancy.

DAVID MOULD was born at Montgomery, Orange County, New York, April 14, 1856, and died at Sioux City, Iowa, August 26, 1921. He was of Hessian descent. He attended public school, the East Hampton preparatory school, and Harvard University, and was graduated from

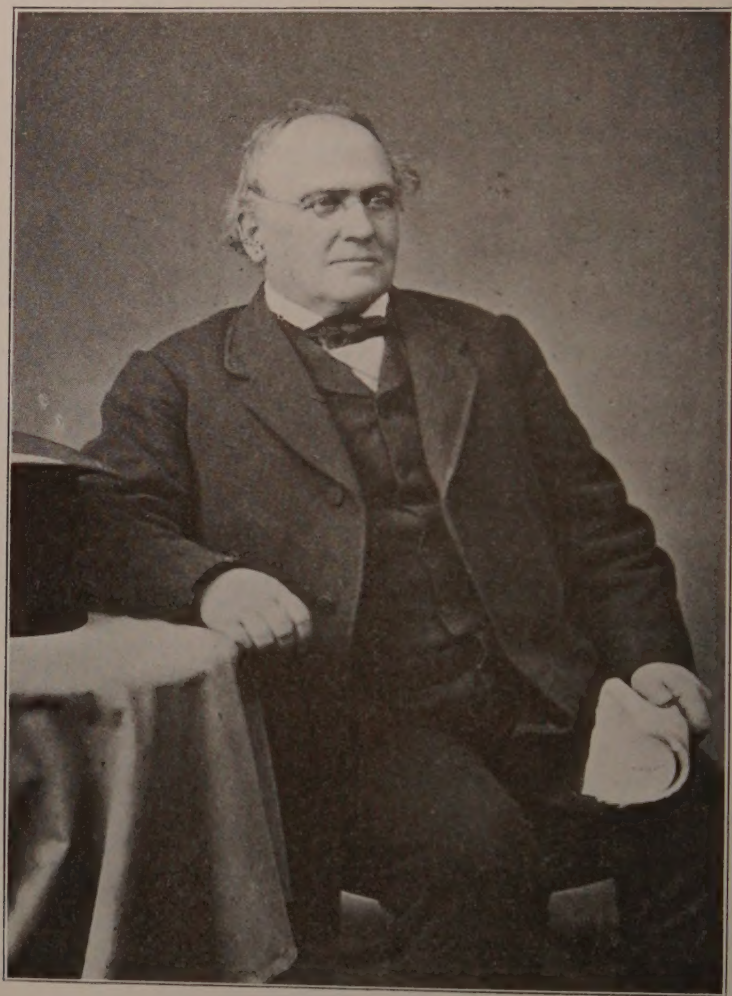
Harvard in 1881 in the class with Theodore Roosevelt. He spent a year in Germany and on returning home studied law at Goshen, New York, and was admitted to the bar. He removed to Sioux City in 1885 and entered practice and in 1887 formed a partnership with C. A. Marks, which continued over twenty years. In 1906 he was elected district judge and served for eight years, retiring in 1914 because of failing health.

ISAAC LEA HILLIS was born at Madison, Indiana, January 23, 1853, and died at Des Moines, Iowa, March 28, 1918. He was graduated from La Grange College, came to Des Moines and served as principal of East Des Moines High School two years, then took a law course at the University of Michigan, from which he was graduated in 1878. He practiced law a short time in New Orleans and later in Kansas City, and came to Des Moines in 1883. Here he engaged in the abstract of title business, which he followed until his death. He was mayor of Des Moines in 1894 and 1895.

JAMES H. MACOMBER was born at Milo, Maine, November 9, 1851, and died at his home in Omaha, Nebraska, December 10, 1916. He attended common schools in Maine and also attended Fox Craft Academy for a time. He came to Ida Grove, Iowa, in 1876, and engaged in the practice of law. From 1885 to 1886 he was a judge of the circuit court. When circuit court was abolished he was chosen judge of the district court and served from 1887 to 1890. When he left that position he removed to Omaha and attained prominence there in the practice of his profession.

ALLEN SMITH was born in East Shoreham, Vermont, June 30, 1838, and died at Berkeley, California, February 19, 1915. His body was cremated and the ashes sent to Vermont and strewn on the grave of his mother, according to his request. Mr. Smith came to Boone, Iowa, in 1870 and became part owner there of the largest flouring mill in central Iowa. This burned in 1899. He went to California in 1911, making his home with his children. He was an active member of the board of education in Boone, and in 1889 was elected representative and served in the Twenty-third General Assembly.

HENRY SCHROOTEN was born in Fond du Lac County, Wisconsin, August 30, 1854, and died at his home near Le Mars, Iowa, November 26, 1918. He came to Plymouth County, Iowa, in 1881, buying the homestead then onto which he removed and on which he continued to live until his death. He always followed the vocation of farmer. In 1891 he was elected as representative and served in the Twenty-fourth General Assembly. He was an efficient local worker in all loyal World War activities.



David Rorer

Born May 12, 1806, in Virginia. Died July 7, 1884, in Burlington, Iowa.